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REPUBLICAN CORRUPTION.

THERE is no doubt that corruption is a natural disease of free Governments, and it is one which, if not promptly arrested, constitutes a formidable set-off against the great public virtues which are fostered by political liberty. PLUTARCH'S *Lives* is generally supposed to be the source of the sublime commonplace that Republics are a school of personal integrity; but the proposition was about as true of the days before PLUTARCH as it is of those that have come after him. The admiring modern historian of Greece is compelled to admit that almost every Greek statesman had his price; and the case would have been the same with half the Roman worthies, if the man who could plunder provinces could have had it made worth his while to take a bribe. Our own great-grandfathers, if they were in Parliament, may have dined at the great house in the corner of Lincoln's Inn-fields, and found a hundred-pound note under their napkin. Our fathers lived in the days of army contracts and other licensed plunder. We ourselves have heard strange things of the House of Lords during the era of "Open Committees," and we have all a notion of the way in which Railway bills were got through the House of Commons during the mania of 1845. And now corruption on the grandest scale is imputed, almost by general admission, to the American Congress at Washington. The explanation of such phenomena as these seems simple. The man who swindles a free Government swindles an invisible, impersonal, and ideal being, who is so stupidly careless about his property as almost to invite imposition, like *Pantaloon* in the pantomime. But the man who attempts to cheat a despotism has to do with a personal, visible, and very vigilant master. There are no Governments in Europe which call recipients of public money more rigidly to account than those of Austria and Naples; and how little elevated morality in the functionary is the cause of this cleanhandedness, may be inferred by every traveller who has passed a custom-house on an Italian frontier. Russia is, for the present, an exception, though a transient one, to the general rule. The landlord knows he is cheated, and makes frantic efforts to punish the delinquents; but no human power can enforce fair dealing when the estate is immense and little cultivated, when the homesteads are miles apart, and when all the middlemen and nineteen-twentieths of the tenants on the property are educated to be rogues.

The instruments of the organized corruption of which the American Legislature is accused are a number of persons known collectively as the "Lobby." Except in the article of bribery, these gentlemen of the Lobby correspond closely with our Parliamentary Agents. The theory both of the English Parliament and of the American Congress is, that every person interested in a Private Bill attends himself to the measure which he desires to be carried, or at most commits it to the care of an individual member. But the forms which both Legislatures require to be complied with are so intricate, and the conditions which must be satisfied before a Bill can be debated are so onerous, that a class of men has grown up in Washington as well as in London, which occupies a position intermediate between the House and the public, and assumes the duty of guiding private Bills in safety through the technical formalities prescribed by custom or the Standing Orders. The Parliamentary Agents are to this day quite unrecognised by Parliament, and the Lobby is wholly ignored by Congress; but a person interested in a proposed measure might about as safely dispense with their assistance as a litigant in a Court of Law might dispense with an attorney. There are, doubtless, Parliamentary Agents who could go far to upset our notions of the absolute purity of the British Legislature; but no opportunity of corruption which exists in England can be compared with the facilities for illicit

influence possessed by the American "Lobby." It consists of persons who are permanently resident in Washington, and most of whom have access, as ex-members of Congress, to the floor of the Houses. The representatives, on the other hand, are at a vast distance from their homes, and are elected for only two years. Hence they are relieved from the pressure of the public opinion which ordinarily affects them; and they are not long enough in Washington to care about the reputation which they may acquire among their new neighbours. They are, moreover, for the most part, very needy men; and, under a system of which payment of members is an invariable feature, they are accustomed to look to politics as a profession to live by. Still, although the specific charge which is now under investigation is one of direct pecuniary bribery, it is not very likely that they often condescend to take a particular sum of money for a particular vote. The more credible story speaks of a permanent organized connexion between the Lobby and a certain number of members of the House of Representatives. The votes thus at the command of the Lobby are alleged to be sufficiently numerous, if not to carry, at all events to defeat, any given private Bill; and thus, by compelling compromises and menacing antagonist interests, there are few sessions in which the leagued members cannot ensure success to the majority of the measures which they patronize. These are almost invariably measures for subsidizing joint-stock companies which have formed themselves to carry out undertakings of supposed national importance, and it is likely, therefore, that the reward of corrupt service, if given at all, will be given rather in the evanescent form of scrip than in the gross shape of hard money paid down. The confederacy is believed to include legislators of all shades of opinion, and loud are the complaints of the American press, that combinations, which are impossible when public advantages are at stake, become practicable in the interest of jobbers and swindlers.

It is not to be denied that some recent votes of the Washington Congress lend a colour of plausibility to these disgraceful charges. The fund over which the Central Government has control, and which invites the rapacity of speculators, consists of two parts—the accumulated surplus produced by a constant excess of income over expenditure, and the public lands in the territories which are vested in Congress under the famous cession from Virginia. Out of a hoard of nearly twenty millions sterling now lying unemployed in the Treasury, subsidies are being constantly voted to enterprises either in themselves chimerical, or recommended solely by their entering into competition with legitimate commercial undertakings which happen to be in the hands of foreigners. The steam-vessels which have been started, or are about to be started, at the expense of the American Government, on lines of communication neither remunerative nor particularly advantageous, are mainly the fruit of successful conspiracy against the plethoric purse of the Republic. But the suspicious improvidence of Congress is most glaringly illustrated by its disposal of the public lands. It has long been its practice to aid a railway which has been shown to be needed between different points of a Territory—say from Buchananville to Squash-town in Minnesota—by granting to its promoters, not simply the strip of ground necessary for the rails, but also a considerable acreage of land on each side of the line through its whole length. This mode of support, recommended at first by its apparent simplicity, has called into existence a whole world of speculative jobbing. In the present state of the population of the United States, land is never completely a drug in any part of the American territory, except from want of means for conveying its produce to market. These means of conveyance the railroad of course supplies; and consequently property on each side of it instantly rises to

a prodigious relative value. The passing of a Railway bill is, in fact, a gift of excessively valuable estates to the Company, which instantly proceeds to sell off the greater part of its new possessions in small farms, and to map out sites for towns at the points at which it thinks fit to establish its stations. Meanwhile, all other land in the district traversed by the line is proportionately depreciated; and we are distinctly informed by the American papers that if a Bill now before Congress for subsidizing a railway in Minnesota should pass into law, almost every independent freeholder in that flourishing territory will be ruined, while an association of jobbers will be constituted a landowner on a scale of proprietary magnificence known only to Russia or Great Britain.

We have several securities against corruption in England which are absent in the United States. The members of the British Parliament are much more numerous than American Congressmen, much more opulent, and much more directly amenable to healthy public opinion. Doubtless, too, in both Legislatures, the great majority of representatives would as soon pick a pocket as take a bribe. But, after all, our chief earnest of the universal and absolute purity of our members of Parliament is the poverty of our Treasury. Enough occurred in the course of the famous railway Session to show us that, whenever Parliament has anything to give away which is well worth taking, and can be taken with tolerable safety, it requires to be watched quite as carefully as the Congress at Washington.

THE ADVANTAGES OF A CRISIS.

HOWEVER mortifying it may be, just as we had brought to a conclusion a great war in Europe, to be forced into two little wars in Asia, there is some ground for hoping that the events which are now developing themselves in Persia and in China will not be wholly barren of good. There is nothing, at first sight, very encouraging in the news brought by the Indian Mail within the last few days. We have done something on the coast of Persia, and we have suffered more on the coast of China; but our doings in the one direction may prove more embarrassing to us than our sufferings in the other. Nobody doubted that the expeditionary force despatched from Bombay in November would inaugurate the war with a few easy successes. Nobody doubted that Bushire would fall, and that Karrack would be occupied, almost without a struggle—any more than it was questioned that Admiral SEYMOUR would capture the Bogue forts, or any other works at the mouth of the Canton river which might happen to lie in his way. But it is after the first successes that the real difficulty comes; and the question which people are now asking, after laying down the newspaper which contains the narrative of our "victories" in the Persian Gulf and on the China coast, is, "What next—and next?"

It is stated that Admiral SEYMOUR, who has been suddenly thrown into an unexpected and embarrassing situation, purposes "to hold his present position until he receives answers to his despatches" sent by the November mail. As the events which have occurred at Canton were entirely unforeseen, there were of course no instructions from the Home Government applicable to the contingency; and it is, doubtless, better to make no move at all than a false one. But in Persia there has been no unexpected development of events. Everything up to the present time has turned out in exact accordance with the anticipations of the Government and the public; and General OUTRAM has probably by this time joined the expeditionary force, not merely with ample instructions in his pocket, but charged besides with the views of the Foreign Office derived from oral communication before his departure from England. The "what next," therefore, has been settled by the British Government, but rather with reference to the necessity of doing *something* next, than to any legitimate expectation of benefit to arise from the movement. It is generally expected that the next step will be an advance upon Shuster; but it is hardly to be expected that Russia would see us even in temporary occupation of that place without making a counter-movement in the northern part of the empire. Hence might arise "complications" of which it would be difficult to see the end, and embarrassments out of which it would be by no means easy to extricate ourselves.

In the meanwhile, however, the telegraph has brought us a somewhat vague, but still hopeful announcement of the submission of Persia to the demands of the British

Government. The news has come by way of Constantinople, where it appears to be believed; and there is probability at least in the report. It is said that the SHAH, alarmed by the appearance of our expeditionary force in the Gulf, and apprehending that the disorganization likely to be produced in the southern provinces by the appearance of a British army would favour an internal revolution, out of which might come the loss of his throne, had deemed it expedient to make at least an outward show of submission. Other accounts, again, state that the Persian Government has acceded to the demand of the British Government, without reference to our military displays; and Russia appears to be claiming some credit for successful pacificatory mediation. It may be so; but it was only to be expected that, as soon as the SHAH found our threats were fast becoming substantial and perilous facts, he would make a great effort to gain time and arrest the advance of our arms. If he has not already done something of the kind, we may be nearly sure that he will. But the proverbial faithlessness and ingratitude of the Persians—indicated painfully by the fact that two British officers who fell at Reshire were shot down by men whose lives they had spared—may turn this nominal submission into little more than a trick and a subterfuge. In opposition to the report of the SHAH's desire to terminate the contest, it is stated that there is much boasting at Teheran, and much preparation for war. This may be as false on the one side as his reported submission on the other. We are disposed, indeed, to regard such vapourings as indications of pacific intentions, rather than of any opposite designs. He is likely to be in the noisiest and the most demonstrative mood when he is most frightened; and we may be safe in regarding every boast and every threat, in his present circumstances, as a sign of genuine alarm.

We have now confided the conduct of the war, and of the negotiations which may arise out of it, to a gallant soldier and experienced diplomatist, versed in all the trickery of Eastern Courts, who knows well that it is only at the head of an army that we can negotiate a treaty with effect. General OUTRAM is not a man to be tricked into a suspension of hostilities by any mere devices on the part of the enemy to gain time. He will remain in a commanding attitude until he has full assurance that Persia is acting in good faith; and we have little doubt that such a display of force as we are able to direct against the southern provinces of Persia will bring the SHAH to take a sound view of his own interests, and not only to contract such obligations as we require of him, but to *keep* them. We can no longer submit to have our relations with the Persian Court distinguished only by a constant succession of "ruptures and semi-ruptures"—of humiliating altercations, followed by reconciliations scarcely less humiliating. We must henceforth be in a position to command respect, by having at our disposal the means of promptly chastising insolence.

And here it is that the prospect of future good, of which we have spoken, unfolds itself. Here, as also in the case of China, we see the promised advantages of a crisis. The system of the hydropathists, as developed by PRIESSNITZ, was based upon the presumed advantages of converting a chronic disease into an acute one. It was always the aim of that great water-doctor to bring on a crisis; and his admirers were wont to say, in their enthusiasm, that in the management of this crisis he "shone like a god." Now, both in Persia and in China we have a crisis, which, under management far short of godlike wisdom, may be made the source of future benefits, the extent of which it is not easy to over-estimate. We cannot any longer suffer ourselves to be fooled by a Governor-General or High Commissioner at Canton, whose disregard of the sufferings of his own people, as well as his insolence to strangers, may any day bring the most frightful calamities upon thousands of inoffensive Chinamen, attended with a fearful loss of property to ourselves, the suspension of our trade, and the necessity of resorting to expensive naval and military operations. Nothing now must satisfy us short of the establishment of a British mission at Peking itself. In this we shall probably be supported by our French and American allies, who, having been outraged like ourselves, will unite with us in making similar demands upon the Government of the Celestial Empire. And thus a judicious management of the crisis may evolve future health and safety out of the present dangerous disorder.

The same eventual cure, we believe, will attend the present crisis in our relations with Persia. We have been

losing ground at Teheran for more than a quarter of a century, and the time has at length come for us to endeavour to regain it. If the Government and the country awaken now to a due sense of the importance of the Persian question, Herat will not have fallen, and Mr. MURRAY will not have been insulted, in vain. We require—we have long required—the presence of an imposing British Mission at Teheran, with a first-class diplomatist at its head; not the mere straw-stuffed effigy of a Mission, answering no other purpose than that of a target for all the spare arrogance, insolence, and chicanery of the Persian Government and Court. And if now, with a military position in the Persian Gulf—assuming, as we do, the retention of Karrack to be one of the results of the war—we establish a lasting influence at Teheran, on a secure basis, we shall long have cause to felicitate ourselves on the conversion of a chronic ailment into an acute one. But all depends upon the “management of the crisis.”

TORY LEADERS, PAST AND PRESENT.

A WEEKLY contemporary, it seems, takes a tender interest in the future of Lord JOHN RUSSELL. The organ of Mr. DISRAELI is of opinion that that eminent but unfortunate statesman has met with unworthy treatment at the hands of his party. It is, no doubt, a disinterested sense of justice which induces the *Press* to take the noble Lord under its particular charge—it is in his interest alone that the Derbyites arrange for him a programme of Parliamentary vengeance. Lord JOHN RUSSELL, however, has such a natural aptitude for injuring himself, as well as every one who may happen to be connected with him, that he hardly needs the friendly counsels of others to aid him in the labour of self-destruction. We have often had occasion to observe the peculiar treatment which Mr. DISRAELI adopts, both in and out of Parliament, towards politicians unattached. When Lord JOHN expelled Lord PALMERSTON from office in 1851, the injured Foreign Secretary immediately became the object of the sympathy and admiration of the member for Bucks. “The light of the Whigs was extinct—the heroic representative of an historical party had been shamefully sacrificed to a Woburn conspiracy.” It was in these or similar terms (who does not know the panegyric slang of VIVIAN GREY?) that the CORIOLANUS of Liberalism was courted by the Volscian chief. However, CORIOLANUS was reconciled too soon to his relatives; and, more fortunate than his prototype, he managed to save his country without sacrificing himself. But no gain in this world is entirely without alloy; and Lord PALMERSTON, in acquiring office, has lost the admiring sympathy of Mr. DISRAELI. His expansive and versatile charity, which, from the natural generosity of his character, always prefers the unfortunate to the powerful, has now bestowed itself on Lord JOHN RUSSELL. To be the subject of Mr. DISRAELI’s benevolent solicitude seems to be one of the most hopeless symptoms of a political career. It is like the joy of MAZZINI over a fresh batch of exiles—the fraternity of political outlawry.

But it is not of Lord JOHN RUSSELL, so much as of his sympathizer, that we wish to speak. Our contemporary is very anxious to know what Lord JOHN is going to do with the Whigs. But there is another question which seems to us at this moment a good deal more interesting, and on which we think it possible our contemporary might give us some authentic information—What are the Tories going to do with Mr. DISRAELI? It is now just ten years since he constituted himself, perhaps, rather than was constituted, the real leader of the old Tory party. We say the *real* leader, because Lord DERBY—partly from his position in the House of Lords, but still more from that incapacity for continuous attention to business which he owes to the levity of his character and the indolence of his disposition—has never been more than the nominal chief, whose function is to lend his name to the concern, and make a slashing speech on a great occasion. Ten years is a considerable space, even in the history of a party—in the career of a public man it is a decisive epoch for good or evil; and Mr. DISRAELI can hardly demur to a review of his conduct founded upon so extensive an average.

It happens, by one of those accidents which frequently reproduce themselves in history, that there is a singular parallelism between the situation of the Tory party during the decade which elapsed from 1831 to 1841, and that of 1846—1856. Both commenced with a dissolution of the

party, as complete as it was unexpected. In 1831, the Reform Bill had left the old chiefs, but had annihilated the rank and file—in 1846, the rank and file remained, but it was disorganized, undisciplined, and ineffective. In each decade, the Tory leader, after the lapse of five years of opposition, had, by an unforeseen accident, the opportunity of forming an Administration and appealing to the country. In both cases, the dissolution had the same result—namely, a narrow majority against them. They went into opposition in 1835, as they went into opposition in 1852; but here the parallel ceases. When we consider the difference in the situation of the party in 1841 from that which it occupies in 1857, we shall see that the diversity in the result is proportionate to the difference in the cause. In the first decade, the Tories had been guided by the leadership of Sir ROBERT PEEL—in the last, their fortunes have been confided to the management of Mr. DISRAELI. The contrast of the event in the two cases corresponds exactly with the difference in the characters of the two men.

No one will dispute that Mr. DISRAELI commenced the campaign of 1846 with greater advantages in his favour than Sir ROBERT PEEL could command in 1832. The latter had to organize a shattered and decimated force—the former had only to consolidate a party, distracted indeed, but scarcely diminished in numbers from that which had so lately occupied office with a commanding majority. The blunders and the incapacity by which the Administration of Lord JOHN RUSSELL succeeded in alienating the confidence of the country, seconded the opposition of Mr. DISRAELI quite as effectually as the break-down of the great Reform Cabinet aided Sir ROBERT PEEL. When Sir ROBERT returned from Rome, he found that he had to face a hostile House of Commons single-handed, and with as little assistance from his colleagues as Mr. DISRAELI received in 1852. Mr. DISRAELI had to retire before a vote of the House of Commons in 1852—so had PEEL in 1835; yet these two Administrations, very similar in duration, were in reality the critical points of the fortunes of the party, and of the careers of the two politicians. Look at the result in each case after the lapse of five years. In 1840, a great, united, and powerful party, gaining day by day on its adversaries, assured of victory, confident in its leader, and only waiting his word to give the final blow which was to deliver the enemy into its hands—such were the Tories in 1840, and the chief was worthy of his followers. In the great struggle of 1835, he had laid the foundation of that public confidence which his conduct in opposition had continually fortified. His brief Ministerial career had assured to him the enthusiasm of his supporters and the respect of his opponents. The decade of Sir R. PEEL was closed by the election of 1841, and by the formation of the most powerful Administration, both in its numerical and its intellectual constituents, that the present century has seen.

Let us turn to the close of Mr. DISRAELI’s decade. Instead of advancing from strength to strength, like the party of 1835, the Tories have been progressively declining with the reputation of their chief since the Administration of 1852. The official career of the leader, instead of inspiring confidence throughout the country, has shaken even the allegiance of his followers. The attempt at a Government, far from strengthening the party, only made it ridiculous. The DERBY Cabinet succumbed, it is true, only to a narrow majority; but in the hands of Mr. DISRAELI, a minority greater than any which Sir ROBERT PEEL ever commanded in opposition has failed to make itself formidable, or even respectable. There is hardly any section of the House of Commons, however numerically insignificant, which does not exercise a more potent check on the Government of the day than the once powerful Tory party. Such is the party; and what is the situation of the leaders? Was there ever a politician placed in so ambiguous and uncomfortable a position? Never respected, and no longer feared by his opponents—avowedly distrusted, and scarcely followed by his own party—the nominal leader of a disorganized mob—he is cheered by them when he gives utterance to their prejudice or their hate, but he has less real influence or authority than Mr. SPOONER. Having failed to obtain the confidence of the country, of Parliament, or of his own adherents, he sits isolated, like a Sphinx, brooding on his own destiny—or, to use a more modern illustration, like the acting Director of a broken-down Joint-Stock Company.

We have seen what Mr. DISRAELI has done for the Tories. Perhaps the *Press* will excuse our curiosity in inquiring what the Tories mean to do for Mr. DISRAELI?

FINANCIAL PROSPECTS.

THE CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has shown considerable official skill in disposing of the Income-tax deputations by which his tranquillity has lately been disturbed. The approved method of dealing with such intruders is, as every one knows, to send away the importunate visitors without any information at all on the subject of their inquiry; and, on applying this test to the answers vouchsafed by Sir CORNEWALL LEWIS, we are bound in candour to admit that it is impossible to extract any meaning from the undeniable platitudes which he bestowed upon Major REED and Mr. STRATTON. There was a certain amount of argument which proved—what it was intended to prove—nothing whatever; and some little points were very creditably made out of the ignorance and blundering of certain subordinate members of each deputation. The truth is, neither of the august bodies who honoured the Finance Minister with their advice and remonstrances was very difficult to deal with. The first deputation represented the Property and Income-tax Association, with a member of Parliament as spokesman, and the whole force of Exeter Hall in the rear. Their attack at first looked formidable. The usual grounds of objection to the impost were duly put forward, and resolutions were quoted, condemning the anticipated continuance of the war ninapence as a quibbling breach of faith, and denouncing the tax altogether as manifestly unjust upon precarious incomes, besides being despotic and inquisitorial. The popular desire for a readjustment, if not a repeal, of that portion of the tax which presses on trades and professions was duly represented by Major REED, backed by Mr. Deputy BARNARD's solemn announcement that the Common Council would be "very angry" with the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER if he did not remit the obnoxious ninapence, and by the graceful warning of Mr. NICHOLAY that it would be as well to do with a good grace what must otherwise inevitably be done under pressure from without. As a climax to this last argument, the orator of the Metropolitan Board ventured to threaten Sir CORNEWALL LEWIS with another deputation, headed by the formidable Sir BENJAMIN HALL, whose determination had so recently subdued, and practically annihilated, Mr. NICHOLAY and his fussy colleagues. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER did not appear to be much moved by the apprehension of an attack from the vigorous Baronet, and the result has shown that he was right; for the great Marylebone demonstration elicited no further support from the faithless member than a letter, which Mr. NICHOLAY, in his wrath, denounced as the Jesuitical emanation of a Minister of the Crown. But even without the threat, of the great Sir BENJAMIN in reserve, there was quite enough in the case made by the deputation to puzzle a CHANCELLOR of EXCHEQUER, unless he could evade the two home questions as to the continuance of the war-tax and the readjustment of schedule D.

The way in which Sir CORNEWALL LEWIS got out of the difficulty was very creditable to his boldness and resource, though by no means complimentary to the acuteness of the gentlemen he addressed. There were two questions, he said, the latter of which had really nothing to do with the former; and therefore it was unnecessary to say anything about readjustment, except that it was a troublesome affair, and that any detailed plan which might be submitted to him would receive his most patient consideration. As to the quibble founded on the wording of the late statute, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER thought it, on the whole, rather a good quibble; but still he did not mean to rely upon it, even should the tax be included in his next Budget. He proposed to justify the impost, if it should be found desirable to continue it, by the necessity of providing sufficient ways and means to cover the national expenditure. Without a word more, the Minister won the thanks of Major REED for his great courtesy and candour, and triumphantly dismissed the deputation, unanswered as to one of their questions, and very little enlightened as to the other. But it was impossible for them to murmur, for the request of a detailed plan from remonstrants who had no notion of any plan at all, was an effectual gag; and the disclaimer of the dirty quibble, as Admiral BERKELEY called it, checkmated them on the other point.

Altogether, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER acquitted himself with considerable official credit on the occasion, and his reception of the subsequent deputation from the smaller shopkeepers of London was still more victorious. The weak point of Mr. STRATTON and his friends was a

general objection to taxation in the abstract. They did not like the Income-tax because it came upon them when their pockets were emptied by paying for taxed tea, and satisfying the collector of their local rates. It is impossible not to be touched by the groans of Britons driven backwards and forwards between an income-tax which threatens to devour them, and a load of Customs under which they are overwhelmed. But, unfortunately, total relief from taxation is out of the question; and the more the deputation dwelt on their hopeless dilemma, the more obviously they provoked the official reply, that a choice between two equally dreaded evils was all that it was possible to offer them, and that if they really wanted to escape indirect taxation, the best plan would be to put down the pipe and the tea-pot, and live on bread, meat, and British pot-herbs. The other representations of the small-shop interest were met with equal ease. One gentleman seemed surprised that the CHANCELLOR was not familiar with the distressing case of one WALKER, who had been asked to pay income-tax on an income of 30*l.* a-year; but it was impossible not to be satisfied with the promise that an inquiry should be instituted. A bold attempt was made to commit the Government to a readjustment of the impost, on the strength of what had been said on the occasion of the first deputation. But this was getting on dangerous ground, and Sir CORNEWALL LEWIS promptly turned the opportunity to good account by repeating that he had promised no scheme of his own, though he was quite prepared to look at any which might be proposed to him by others.

Although, however, these two engagements must be regarded as official victories, we are by no means sure that they prognosticate an ultimate triumph. It is possible to win battles and lose the campaign; and the more the Government parleys, the more difficult it will be to resist the demand for a reduction of the tax. In matters of this kind, where popular feeling is so easily excited, a Ministerial rebuke serves only to add fuel to the fire. Had it been really intended to maintain the full tax at all hazards, Lord PALMERSTON would scarcely have allowed Admiral BERKELEY to spoil his game—Lord PANMURE would not have excited false hopes by enlarging on the proposed reduction of the estimates—and Sir CORNEWALL LEWIS would have carefully avoided even the appearance of entertaining the question. It never answers for a Government to enter into premature discussion of a tax which it does not mean to remit. A CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER who deliberates is lost; and the only rational account to be given of the course which has been pursued, is that the extra ninapence is intended to be taken off, and that the affectation of doubt on the part of the Minister is designed to enhance the value of the boon when it comes, and to divert the current of agitation from impossible demands to the one simple question of the magnitude of the tax. Either this is the real policy of the Administration, or their action has been more suicidal than it is easy to believe. A short time will probably determine the question, and make the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, for a time, the most popular or the most odious of the statesmen who have ever filled that rather unsatisfactory office.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE CRIMEAN COMMISSIONERS.

THE reply of Sir JOHN MCNEILL to an address presented to him by a highly respectable body of Liverpool merchants, has once more drawn public attention to the conduct of her Majesty's Government in the matter of the Crimean Commission. We must confess that to us that conduct appears alike inexplicable and indefensible. Let us revert to the circumstances under which the Commission was originally appointed. In the winter of 1854—55, the public mind was agitated and distressed by the accounts of the severe and increasing sufferings of our army before Sebastopol—accounts which, coming from unauthorized and imperfectly informed sources, were probably inaccurate and exaggerated, but which had nevertheless, as there was too much reason to believe, a solid foundation in deplorable realities. Public indignation, with a rashness and unreasoning impatience which may be matter for regret rather than surprise, wreaked itself upon the object nearest at hand, and made the ABERDEEN Government the scapegoat of military disorganization. The House of Commons granted the Committee for inquiring into the condition of the army before

Sebastopol; but Lord PALMERSTON, who had just been called to the head of affairs, saw, equally with his colleagues, the strong objections, practical as well as constitutional, to such an inquiry before such a tribunal, and offered himself to the rebellious Commons as the legitimate exponent of the public discontent. If they would only abandon Mr. ROEBUCK and his Committee, he promised them a Government Commission and a searching investigation. It was in pursuance of this pledge that Sir JOHN MCNEILL and Colonel TULLOCH received their instructions from the War Department on February 19th, 1855. It is true that Parliament did not accept the proposed compromise—the rebels declined to lay down their arms at the invitation of the PREMIER, and no Lord Mayor stepped forward to smite the WAR TYLER of Sheffield to the earth. Lord PALMERSTON yielded to the popular gale with that graceful acquiescence in defeat which, with him, constitutes the cheap substitute for success—he consented to surrender the especial functions of the Executive Government to a Parliamentary Committee, as the easiest means of satisfying popular clamour. Nevertheless, sober and reflecting men were still of opinion that the two able and impartial Commissioners who had been despatched by the Government to the Crimea were much more likely, by an investigation conducted on the spot, to get to the bottom of the evils existing in the camp, and to suggest fitting remedies, than a noisy and unmanageable Committee of the House of Commons, sitting in an upper room of the Palace of Westminster, with little authentic information, and still less professional experience, at their command. That this view was borne out by the event, no one will doubt who is capable of judging of the respective practical results of the Sebastopol Committee and the Crimean Report.

The Commissioners most amply justified the confidence reposed in them by the Government which appointed them. "Lord PALMERSTON," says Sir JOHN MCNEILL, "had urged the substitution of a Commission in the Crimea for the Committee of the House of Commons demanded by Mr. ROEBUCK, and had thus, as it appeared to me, pledged the Government to an unflinching inquiry. My duty, as I understood it, was to conduct that inquiry without fear or favour, and to report the result faithfully, without considering whom it might inculcate, or whom exculpate." No one, we presume, will demur to this definition of the objects with which the Commission was appointed, and of the duty imposed on the Commissioners. No one will venture to question the ability of the individuals selected to carry out this laborious and invidious investigation, and not even their assailants at Chelsea ventured to impute to either of them personal malice or intentional misrepresentation. They pursued, with unwearied diligence, their labours in the Crimea, and exhausted all the sources of information at their disposal. If they did not receive all the assistance which they were entitled to expect from high military functionaries on the spot, it was no fault of theirs. The insolent spirit in which men executing a Commission under the Crown were encountered by Sir RICHARD AIREY and Colonel GORDON may be best seen from the following passage in the printed address of Sir R. AIREY to the Chelsea Board of Inquiry:—"My own examination in writing, I have already stated two or three times, was merely general and superficial answers to general questions. I had no indication whatever of the leaning of the Commissioners, or that they implicated anybody, or thought that there was blame attached to anybody. If I had had the slightest idea of that, I should have been able to explain things perfectly. I think myself, and I cannot help believing, that they would have come to a different conclusion." By Sir R. AIREY's own showing, then, it is clear that if, on any point, the Commissioners adopted erroneous conclusions, it was mainly owing to his "general and superficial answers." The spirit by which he was actuated is sufficiently indicated by his unworthy sneers at the "leaning of the Commissioners." In spite, however, of the insolence and obstructiveness of the QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL, the Commissioners succeeded in gathering the materials for a Report which, notwithstanding all the special pleading of Chelsea, stands substantially unimpeached, and supplies most valuable materials for the instruction of those who are solicitous for the reform of our military system. Whatever may be the language of the Chelsea Board, we may safely say that there is but one feeling among the working members of the army as to the value of the labours of Sir JOHN MCNEILL and Colonel TULLOCH.

On the return of the Commissioners to England, their Report was placed in the hands of Lord PANMURE; and it is now to the conduct of the Government that we wish to direct attention. The relative duties of the Executive and the Commissioners at the conclusion of their labours are accurately defined by Sir J. MCNEILL:—"Having carried out those views with undeviating and often painful fidelity, and having, in measured and moderate terms, temperately stated the results in our reports, accompanied by the evidence, oral and documentary, on which they were founded, I conceived that we had done our duty both to the Government and to the country. It then became the business of the Government to protect the public interests involved in the assertion and maintenance of every truth contained in our report that could be made available for the advantage of the army or the nation, and I declined to interfere with the execution of the trust which had devolved upon her Majesty's Ministers, and for which they alone were responsible." This view is equally consonant with common sense and with constitutional doctrine. From the moment the Report was made, the Commissioners were *functi officio*—it remained with the Ministers either to adopt or suppress it, to approve or condemn it. If they had any reason to doubt its accuracy or completeness, it was their duty to suspend its publication. If they were satisfied of its fidelity, they were bound to act upon it. But they took neither the one course nor the other. They threw on the table of Parliament a document which gravely impeached the capacity of certain officers high in command, at the very moment when they were promoting those officers to posts of yet higher dignity and responsibility. As might naturally have been expected, the individuals inculpated by the Commissioners demanded vengeance on their accusers. Lord CARDIGAN, Sir R. AIREY, and Lord LUCAN had certainly some right to assume that the Government which, with this Report in their hands, had singled them out for reward and promotion, saw ground to dispute its accuracy, and to dissent from its conclusions. The Chelsea Board was accordingly demanded, and was granted with the same facility with which Lord PALMERSTON had accepted the Sebastopol Committee. The object in both cases was to escape from a temporary difficulty, and to evade, at whatever cost, the responsibility of decision and action. The truth is, Ministers wanted a quiet life and an easy session—the complaints of the accused Generals began to be troublesome—and so they threw overboard the Commissioners who had been appointed to get them out of one scrape, in the hope of relieving themselves from another. Anything more personally shabby than the conduct of the Government to these gentlemen—who had most ably and faithfully discharged the public duty imposed upon them—it is impossible to conceive. Nothing can be clearer than that the Report, in the first instance, was made for the instruction of Ministers. If they approved it, they were bound to defend it—if not, there was no justification for its publication. But they first take credit with the country for having appointed the Commissioners, and for having adopted many of their practical suggestions—then expose them to a nest of military hornets, by presenting their Report to Parliament—and finally hand them over to their enemies, to be badgered, insulted, and discredited. The Chelsea Board, as might have been expected, censures the Commissioners, and the Government holds its peace. The UNDER-SECRETARY AT WAR, on one occasion, actually attacked them in Parliament, and the PRIME MINISTER was with difficulty called up to defend them from his own subordinate; and at the end of nearly twelve months from the publication of the Report, Lord PANMURE, who has throughout withheld all official recognition of their services, gives them a few words of general approbation in an after-dinner speech.

This, we suppose, is another example of that system of "sailing before the wind" which Government eulogists invite us to admire. While discontent and complaint were loud, it was all very well to have commissions, investigations, and reports; but now that all is quiet again, and the piping-time of peace has returned, there is no cry for reform, and it is judged safe to throw the reformers overboard. How far such a policy is likely to conduce, in the long run, to the strength and dignity of the Executive, the improved efficiency of the public service, and the honour and interests of the country, may perhaps be doubted; but it must be admitted that it is admirably adapted to objects which are naturally considered of far greater moment by the official and professional patrons of noisy and influential incapacity.

THE THIEF'S JUDGMENT ON TICKETS-OF-LEAVE.

ATTEMPTS have been made, within legal memory, to deal on the petting system with two branches of moral evil—unchastity and improvidence—which are at least as old as society. The one was, to show more kindness to illegitimate children than to the lawful offspring of the poor—the other was, to make a workhouse, in its food and accommodation, a preferable home to the labourer's cottage. The Foundling Hospital system was abandoned after it had cost the country about half-a-million sterling, and had alarmingly increased the percentage of "love children;" and the old Poor Law system was not demolished until it had almost brought a majority of our villages to the state of Goldsmith's Auburn. We are reminded of these two social epochs by the republication of Sir F. HEAD's narrative of his New Poor Law experiences. Unless we are mistaken, "the poor convicts' case" is likely to add a third to the series of great national immoralities which we perpetrate under the name, and often with the feeling, of true benevolence. Lord CARNARVON and Mr. HENRY MAYHEW have just convoked a parliament of ticket-of-leave men, to bring before the public their judgment on the great wrongs which they endure at the hands of society. The ticket-of-leave men, say their advocates—for, to do them justice, being, as Lord CARNARVON assures them, "sensible and intelligent men," they do not all talk the nonsense which their friends talk for them—are very ill-used by society, because society does not at once and instantly bid, and bid very high, for their services. "Give me," says one of the orators at Farringdon Hall, "three shillings a day—and that sum is as little as I can live on—and I am willing to work; but starve I never will." *Hoc erat in votis*—the thief contents himself with this modest and moderate demand on society. This is intelligible. Here is a gentleman who will condescend to work if he is well paid for it. Deny him this pittance, and, though with all reluctance, he must rob. If he gets twice as much as a Hampshire labourer, he will condescend to leave off picking and stealing. If not, let society look to it—"starve he never will." He will not dig at society's price—to beg he is ashamed. Let society take the consequence—rob he must. This is one aspect of the ticket-of-leave man's grievance. He can't get work at eighteen shillings a week. And, be it remarked, this is the only specimen of Mr. MAYHEW's friends who is out of employment. All the rest of them have got work—hard work—cheap work—but still work, of some sort or other. So that, as far as the experiences and confessions of the Farringdon Hall representatives go, the result is decidedly in favour of the ticket-of-leave system. The honestly-disposed find it difficult to get a living in the teeth of the superior claims of honest unconvicted labour; and others stagger doubtfully at the choice between this chance and a return to dishonesty. As far as it goes, this is a testimony in favour of the system. It has attained its aim—it makes labour possible, but leaves it difficult.

Now if this were all, what have the ticket-of-leave men to complain of? They complain—and their advocates even exaggerate their language—"that transportation will never stop crime, and that society owes, as a duty to a convicted felon, to give him the opportunity of returning to the paths of honest industry;" and this opportunity turns out, on investigation, to be worth eighteen shillings a week. "Speaker No. 6, a mason by trade," will not hear of honesty on lower terms. Let us suppose for a moment that we were dealing with a parallel branch of morals, and that it was a case of a breach of the seventh commandment instead of the eighth. How would the complaint stand? Foundling hospitals were devised, among other purposes, to give erring damsels what was styled "a second chance." What if, when their little incumbrances were provided for, the frail ones were to say that society was bound, not only to provide them with husbands, but to find them husbands with 150*l.* a-year income? What would society say, but just what it ought to say in the case of the ticket-of-leave man? We do give you a second chance; but it is you that have made your future difficult. Neither thief nor harlot ought to be abandoned by the world, but honest men and virtuous girls ought to have the best chances. And this is our answer to Lord CARNARVON's friends. All that society can be called upon to do is not to consign a convict to a hopeless future. It gives him a chance—just a chance—but never bargains to ensure him a comfortable income, an unblemished name, and an entire reconciliation with

the world. We are ready to help the ticket-of-leave man to help himself, but not to whitewash him—still less to give him, without an effort, and fresh from prison-walls, opportunities which honesty could not wrest from the labour market. We wish to make this clear, because Lord CARNARVON, with just as much reason as ROUSSEAU, seems to invent a social contract for the occasion. He says that there is a bargain between society and its convicts. "Circumstances rendered it impossible to carry out the strict sentence of transportation—tickets-of-leave were granted on the understanding that the criminals were all sorry for their offences, and were determined for the future to live honest lives." And he goes on to argue that, while the convicts guarantee repentance, society undertakes to provide them with the means of labour, and consequently that if tickets-of-leave turn out to be a hindrance to procuring employment, the system is self-condemned. This is the sum and substance of the Farringdon Hall Conference. Society has failed in its share of the contract—this is the conclusion at which both the ticket-of-leave men and their advocates arrived. The convicts asserted that the ticket was "no more good to a man than a previous conviction was to a prisoner at the Old Bailey—it only threw him back. The better plan was to throw it into the fire, and then for a man to try to get on by his own exertions." The unanimous verdict of thief and patron was in favour of a ticket-of-leave for the colonies, and against a ticket-of-leave in England.

We demur to this reasoning, and still more to its conclusion. We deny the existence of the pretended contract. We were never parties to any such profligate bargain. It was intended that a convict's chance of highly remunerative labour should be scanty and precarious—it was understood that a righteous difficulty should accompany the remission of punishment. We anticipated a hard struggle on the convict's part, though we would willingly assist him to face and master it. A ticket-of-leave man ought to stand under the moral disadvantage of which he complains, as compared with the honest labourer. It is his due probation. We are willing that society should test his repentance, but not that he should interfere with the chances of employment in which honest industry has the right of preemption. Either the ticket-of-leave system has, therefore, only accomplished those results which it aimed at, and then it is not a failure—or, if it is a failure, as the Farringdon Hall conclave contends, we must try something else, and that something else will not be in the shape of an easier "second chance" to our convicts. If they are dissatisfied with their existing prospects in the open market of free labour, we are forced to accept the conclusion—and it is one of which they have not counted the cost—in favour of the alternative of getting compulsory labour out of our thieves. We are not disposed to persist, if the parties most concerned object, in the unthrifty benevolence of reforming criminals—feeding, clothing, and teaching them, for nothing—if we are to be told that we have done them no substantial service after all. Repentance must be made self-supporting. If the surveillance of the police is so irritating to the nerves and so damaging to the prospects of the emancipated felon, we can certainly, as he seems to wish it, spare his feelings, and relieve ourselves from the cost of keeping an eye on our doubtful and hesitating penitents, who, while they value themselves at three shillings a day, tell us plainly that they will not starve. If convicts are to be judges of the present system, and if we are to accept their verdict against it, we doubt whether they will relish our practical conclusion. It is simply this—that we will not be robbed if we can help it. And we can help it. If we cannot transport our thieves—if we cannot afford to present them individually with a free passage to the colonies, and a grant of land—we can get something out of them, just as they have got something out of us. We can set them to labour on public works which otherwise could never have been undertaken, and in the construction of which the employment of free labour is found to be unprofitable, and therefore impossible. To quay the Thames, or to dam out the Wash—to construct new harbours of refuge, breakwaters, batteries, and other non-commercial works of public utility and convenience—is at least within our power. All the Farringdon Hall arguments on the alleged failure or difficulties of the ticket-of-leave system compel us to turn to the profitable employment of convict labour. If—as at least in the case of Portland it is proved—we can make a convict's earnings more than pay the cost of his maintenance, there is no occasion to insist on the continuance of tickets-of-leave. It is no affair of ours. The present system was dictated by

motives of humanity and generosity, as well as of convenience; but if the parties most concerned, the convicts themselves, tell us that it is no boon to them, it must be for us to dictate the alternative—namely, the full legal period of punishment, and hard labour all the time.

COMMERCE v. LAW.

THE City has been lately thrown into a state of unwonted perturbation by a judgment pronounced by the Exchequer Chamber, deciding that a *bond fide* pledgee of a delivery order has no right to the goods as against the true owner from whom the order has been fraudulently obtained. There seems to be considerable doubt whether the facts were correctly presented to the Court, but the law laid down was as old as the hills. One would have thought that merchants who are constantly passing property to an immense amount, by means of dock-warrants, delivery orders, and similar documents, would have had something like a correct knowledge of the law which governs their daily transactions; but it appears that the doctrine enunciated by the Judges has astonished the whole commercial world as much as if a shell had fallen in the midst of them. A meeting of City magnates has been held, under the presidency of Baron ROTHSCHILD, to consider the propriety of petitioning Parliament to interfere for their protection. The prevailing opinion was decidedly in favour of the largest possible protection being given to persons who may have dealt *bond fide* with a fraudulent holder of goods or warrants; but the speakers were not altogether unanimous in their views of what the law ought to be, and were very considerably in the dark as to what it actually is. Even those who had taken advice on the matter were evidently struggling with difficulty against the impression that some startling novelty had been propounded by the Judges, who in fact had only declared what has always been the common law of England. The existence among merchants of so much uncertainty as to their legal rights is, in one aspect, a comfortable symptom in these days of gigantic frauds, for it shows that, in the great operations of commerce, reliance is placed rather on a well-understood code of honour and usage than on the protection of positive law.

The case which has excited so much commotion is known as *KINGSFORD v. MERRY*. It seems that one ANDERSON, pretending to be commissioned to purchase some casks of tartaric acid, got possession of a delivery order for the goods, for the purpose of inspecting them. His story turned out to be a mere fabrication; but having by this fraud possessed himself of the order, he immediately procured an advance on the security of the goods. When the fraud was discovered, the owners of the goods brought an action to recover them from the pledgee, who insisted on his right to hold them as security for the money which he had honestly advanced. This, at least, was the statement upon which the judgment of the Court of Error was based. The legal question which thus arose is just that which always arises when a rogue gets possession of property which does not belong to him, and sells or pledges it to an innocent trader. Who is to bear the loss—the man who has been robbed, or the *bond fide* purchaser from the thief? Both are innocent, and one must suffer. Apart from any reference to the special doctrines of our own law, the question is one of great difficulty; and where it relates to documents which are always floating in the market as the representatives of property to the value of millions, it is one of sufficient importance to justify the consternation which it has in this instance excited.

There are some cases in which no one would hesitate long in deciding whether the loser or the buyer of the misappropriated goods should be made the victim. If a servant takes his master's watch to the nearest pawnbroker's, the owner would certainly think himself entitled to reclaim it without repaying the loan advanced by the worthy merchant, and the law takes precisely the same view. But when the property pledged is one of those documents on which merchants are in the habit of raising money—when the advance is obtained by a person accustomed to be seen in the possession of such instruments, and is made in the regular course of trade, by a merchant to whom neither dishonesty nor negligence can be imputed—the rights of the true owner and the innocent pledgee seem very nearly balanced. The ancient doctrine of our courts was, that in all cases, whether of a pledge or a sale, the right of the true owner should be upheld—with one curious exception, which has outlived

the reason of its adoption. If goods were sold and delivered in market overt, the general rule was reversed, and the purchaser's title was preferred, even though the goods should have been stolen from the owner. There may have once been some sense in the distinction between a public sale on a market day, and a private transaction in a merchant's counting-house; but the modern habits of traders have practically done away with the special importance of markets and fairs, and it is quite time that one rule should be applied to all dealings in the regular course of business. It should be added that even the privilege of the market afforded no protection to any but actual purchasers; and if goods were pledged by a person who had dishonestly got possession of them, the owner's right to demand restitution was always acknowledged.

The first innovation on this rule was the recognition of the negotiability of bills of exchange and bank notes, which was not completely established till a comparatively modern time. What the merchants seem to desire now is, that delivery orders, dock warrants, and the like *indicia* of title to goods, should be put upon the same footing as a bill of exchange; and that in every case of fraud, the *bond fide* holder for value should be preferred to the actual owner of the goods which these documents may represent. A small step in this direction was taken some years ago by an Act of Parliament which enabled factors, who were entrusted with goods or documents of title, to make an effectual pledge; but the statute carefully avoided giving validity to transactions by any persons except those to whom the warrants had been entrusted, and preserved the old rule in all cases where the possession had been obtained by fraud. It is a very large extension of the principle of this statute that is now aimed at, but, on the whole, we think that the mercantile ought to prevail over the legal view. The old relaxation in favour of sales in market overt was never found to lead to any inconvenience at all comparable to that which results from denying the title of a *bond fide* purchaser. The negotiability of bills and notes is the very basis of commerce; and the enlarged effect now attributed to the possession of bills of lading has greatly contributed to the convenience and extension of mercantile dealings. Even the limited relief given by the Factors Act has been of considerable service. Every change that has been made from the earliest times has been in favour of the purchaser, and has produced the most beneficial effects. What is now asked is, that the principle of negotiability should be extended to a case very analogous to those in which it has already been admitted; and if we may judge by the experience of the past, there can be little doubt that the greater convenience will be found on the side of the proposed innovation.

Our present commercial law owes almost its existence to the boldness with which courts of law in the last century adopted and incorporated the custom of merchants. We live in times when a narrower view is taken of judicial functions; and that which used to be effected by the disguised legislation of the Bench can now only be attained by the intervention of Parliament. No modern judge would dare to manufacture law out of usage with the splendid audacity of Lord MANSFIELD, and the temper of the times would not perhaps allow the experiment to be repeated. While the history of the negotiability of bills of exchange and bills of lading is to be found in the decisions of the Courts, all further movement in the same direction must be looked for only from the omnipotence of Parliament. If, by this change of system, we are saved from the dangers of a judge's caprice, it must be acknowledged that the law has lost some of the facility with which it used to adapt itself to the requirements of commercial business; and there is the greater reason, therefore, that Parliament should interfere effectually when it approaches the subject, and provide for something more than the immediate occasion of its interposition. A comprehensive statute, giving validity to all *bond fide* commercial dealings with any person in possession of goods or of the documents by which they are represented, would prevent the recurrence of a panic such as the case of *KINGSFORD v. MERRY* has occasioned; and though such a doctrine may seem hard upon an owner who has been defrauded of his property, it would, we believe, conduce, on the whole, to the convenience and safety of mercantile transactions. Perhaps also it might be beneficial in inducing greater caution against fraud. It is clear that no amount of care can enable a purchaser always to detect the fraud of a seller who has improperly obtained possession of merchandize. On the other

hand, there are few cases where fraud is committed without some want of caution on the part of the owner of the misappropriated goods. By throwing the loss upon him, the strongest inducement to precaution would be given in the quarter where it can most effectively be applied; and it is quite possible that the broad doctrine which we have advocated might not only conduce to the convenience, but improve the average morality of trade.

A WEEK OF THE MORNING HERALD.

WE have the pleasure of being acquainted with a country gentleman who resides in a lonely part of the North of England, six miles from a market-town, and not within easy reach of a neighbour. His letters, however, come to him every day, and he never fails to receive and read the *Morning Herald*. He trusts to this one source for all his political information, and is invariably much pleased with what he reads. Sometimes a stray visitor in summer or autumn ventures to remark on the steadiness with which he studies his one periodical, and hints that there is a side of truth not represented in its columns. But the old gentleman replies that he has been a Tory all his life, and loves a Tory paper—that he likes steady principles which a plain man can understand, and quiet simple language which tells its own tale, without alluding to matters that can only be known in London. What he wants is a sure and sober guide, without any queer fancies, or attempts at mysteries and cleverness which he cannot make out.

The last week must have been a time of trial and dismay to him. What is he to make of all that he has read? At first, perhaps, he may have believed what he found stated so gravely, and would, perhaps, have been glad to believe it; for there is nothing a country politician likes so much as hearing of other persons constructing a new Ministry, or, indeed, constructing one himself, which he is always ready to do at the shortest notice. But as the week wore on, our friend must have been puzzled. The paper of January 23 informed him that a Cabinet Council was held the day before, and that "the deliberations of the right honourable party" lasted for a considerable time. When it was over, however, the *Morning Herald* knew all that had happened at it—that the Ministry was to be reconstructed, and a Coalition formed. This is a very good dish to set before any one, for a Coalition is even more amusing than a total change—it being even more annoying to those who have to give way to the new comers than if all went out together. "Of course," says the *Herald*, "a Coalition means a junction of any existing Government with the Peelites, commonly and properly so called." This is a dark saying. For to pass over the somewhat arbitrary meaning given to the word "Coalition," why should any objection be raised to the party alluded to being called Peelites, if that is at once their common and their proper name—their vulgar and their right designation? Sir Charles Wood is sacrificed at once, and dismissed from the Admiralty; and then the informant goes on to announce that Sir James Graham is to come into office, and adds, with a wonderful gravity, that "we cannot imagine why he should not have the Admiralty." And certainly it must be a little difficult for the man who creates the whole change, gives away all the posts, and puts his men as he likes, to discover why he should not make Sir James Graham First Lord of the Admiralty, or First Lord of anything in the universe. Mr. Gladstone is proposed as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and it is said that his great *coup* will be the promise of a further reduction of the income-tax. If great *coups* could but be made out of promises, it would not be difficult to astonish and please the world. In conclusion, an air of probability is sought to be imparted to the whole by the statement that Sir Robert Peel will resign his Lordship of the Admiralty.

The same number also contains an article on the appointment of an Irish bishop, which the *Herald* approved of, and accordingly remarked that it would strengthen the Government by augmenting its legitimate popularity. The country reader must have stared at reading of even the possible popularity of a Government which he had seen attacked so often and so steadily; but the next day brought an explanation which we hope the supporters of the *Herald* enjoyed and understood. "We have been asked," said the leader of the following morning, "what we meant, and our reply is that the *Morning Herald* cannot be charged with either personal or party tendencies when it wrote the phrase 'legitimate popularity.'" So much for asking impertinent questions. The article then went on to say that the voice of a noble lord is reported to have been influential in this as in other ecclesiastical appointments, and then proceeds:—"We will not mention his name to-day in reference to office, because we sincerely hope he will not take it (he has not taken it, we believe)." It must have been pleasant work on a very cold morning, wondering who could be meant, and why hopes should be entertained about his conduct.

But this shadowy nobleman had evidently taken the fancy of the writer too deeply to be got rid of altogether; so he was brought forward again the next day, and we were assured that he would have nothing to do "with a Coalition in the sense we explained it on Thursday." No wonder the writer goes on to say oracularly, "There is a hitch;" but then he turns suddenly round on the *Morning Post*, and asks whether that paper will venture to deny that "amorous meetings" have taken place between Lord

Aberdeen and the Premier. This is like going up to a stranger in a railway station, and inquiring of him, "Do you mean, sir, to stand there, and say my father's aunt's name was not Biddy?" How can the *Morning Post* deny what it has never heard of? The writer proceeds to state that he hopes that the hitch will not be got rid of, and that the "hinge of the hitch" is the adhesion of the noble lord; and then, to remove all doubt, and substantiate the revelations by irresistible evidence, he continues—"We never take our pen in hand without the whole drop of truth in it."

But even these were tame, commonplace, everyday productions when compared to the article that followed upon the Chinese war. Fancy a man waiting for his paper on a snowy morning, and then opening on a paragraph the subject of which is supposed to be the prosaic one of the bombardment of Canton, but which began with the following words printed in capital letters:—"The Sword of the Lord and of Gideon. A Bed of Heather or a Thousand Marks;" and then, (each antithesis being in separate lines) "Right and Wrong;" "Morality and Money;" "Manchester and Cotton," followed by an assurance that any one who wants more of the same sort of thing may have it by buying Scott's *Old Mortality*. The contrast is striking between the article, of which a very favourable and partial account would be that it reads like a list of undetached words set into a "conglomeration," and the character of the habitual readers of the paper. There is a touch of the strange irony of fortune in the notion of the quiet, respectable, solemn country gentleman finishing his breakfast, sitting down with his spectacles freshly wiped for the great pleasure and duty of the day, and finding his old true-blue, stanch, steady journal turned quite wild, raving about the sword of Gideon, and telling him that if he wants to continue that sort of reading he can look in the Waverley novels.

The sportive journalist took a Sunday to collect his thoughts, and on Monday returned to the hitch. He began by saying, "The hitch as to the reconstruction of the Government still continues; but the hinge to the hitch is, we regret to say, still available." We may safely say that we cannot share the regret; for though we have not the remotest notion what he is talking about, we feel sure that, merely as a mechanical curiosity, a hinge to a hitch must be worth seeing, and we are therefore glad that somewhere or other it is to be found. The writer soon returns to plain fact, and assures us that "Lord Aberdeen will (D.V.) dine at the official party of the President of the Council on the day before the opening of Parliament, and will thus accord with the doctrines to be propounded in the Queen's speech." There is something unusually funny in a man getting up an imaginary dinner and piously stating that the guests will only meet, D.V., if God should so please. But he cannot suffer his enemies to enjoy even a Barmecide feast without showing them the sword hanging over their heads; and he goes on:—"What matter in relation to the convivial arrangement may occur to-day, or in the mean time, we have already placed before our readers; but still there is the hitch." How can men enjoy anything with this hitch ever before or behind them? The writer has got the Premier and the ex-Premier into a fix, and he is determined to keep them there.

Tuesday came, and once more the theme was taken up. A Cabinet Council was stated to have been held, at which, as usual, the journalist had been present. "The project for reconstruction, which had become comparatively hopeless, was revived." But a sudden fit of modesty and doubt seized the extra member of the Council. For once he would not say exactly what would happen. "There is no knowing," he confesses, "what may be done in a few hours with a *carte blanche*. So we are silent as to the events which have occurred since last night." Silence is wise, but it does not certainly imply any great forbearance that a journal published at five in the morning should refrain from announcing all that has happened since the previous night. Perhaps, however, there could not be anything more likely to gratify the taste for the marvellous prevalent among country readers, than a dark hint that something has happened about two hours after midnight which it would not quite do to mention. This last week must have been altogether a very exciting one to gentlemen who, like the north countryman of whom we spoke, see no other paper, and put unbounded confidence in the *Morning Herald*. But, after all, will his confidence be shaken? In London, all this seems such sheer lunacy that it is forgotten as soon as read; but there may be people in remote districts who will devoutly believe it. They have been led up to it, and the path prepared for them, by a hundred other articles, less wonderfully and monstrously absurd, but still bearing a very considerable resemblance in style, and in utter remoteness from the facts of common life. The *Herald* is but presuming on its success. It honestly and heartily believes that anything will go down in the country, and so, step by step, it has advanced, till it has at last got to the sword of Gideon and the D.V. dinner party.

RAILROAD BOOKSELLING.

IN these days of universal travelling, few of our readers can have failed to notice that, at almost all the larger railway stations, book-stalls—which in some instances attain the proportions of shops—are established to enable passengers to relieve in some degree the dulness of their monotonous transit.

Nearly all these establishments are branches of the single firm of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son, who have for some years past supplied an enormous proportion of English railway travellers with their light reading. The courtesy of these gentlemen has enabled us to lay before our readers some account of a very curious matter. If it be true, as the proverb tells us, that no man is a hypocrite in his pleasures, nothing can throw more light on national character than trustworthy evidence as to the sort of intellectual amusement which a class so mixed as that of railway travellers prefers. The books in demand for railroad reading may be divided into the two great classes of dear and cheap. Taking two shillings or half-a-crown as the limit which divides the two, it may be said, roughly speaking, that nine-tenths in number and three-fourths in value of the books disposed of at the stations are cheap, and the remainder dear. The higher-priced works are on all kinds of subjects, and indeed the fact that some of them should find any sale at all at railway stations is a curious proof of the wealth of some classes of society. Messrs. Smith, of course, give no credit, and allow no discount; nor is it possible, from the nature of the case, that they should have regular customers. Those who buy of them buy upon the mere impulse of the moment, because it happens to strike them, between taking their tickets and their seats, that they should like to have something to read on their journey; yet such is the amount of spare cash which people have in their pockets, that there is a very large sale for publications at nine, ten, and twelve shillings, and even at higher prices. About 300 copies of the first two, and 100 of the last two volumes of Mr. Macaulay's *History*, sold at the different railways. Indeed, the last two volumes were cried up and down the platform at York like a second edition of the *Times*. No human industry could ever read through more than one of the volumes during the longest journey; and yet people were so eager to know all about William III. and Queen Mary, that, rather than wait a few hours for the knowledge, they were willing to encumber themselves on a journey with two heavy octavo volumes, and to pay 36s. for a book which was sold all over London on the day of publication for 27s. Interesting as it is, Mr. Layard's work on *Nineveh* is a serious undertaking; yet it must have casually occurred to between 200 and 300 people, rich enough to gratify their whim, that they should like to have it, for about that number of copies were sold at different stations. Dr. Sandwith's book on *Kars* reached a similar sale at the price of 12s. 6d.; and Miss Yonge's novels sell readily—especially on the South Western line—at 10s. 6d. and 12s. The most extraordinary instance of a combination of zeal for knowledge with the possession of wealth is to be found in the cases of three or four gentlemen who bought copies of Stephens's *Book of the Farm*—the price being 3l. 3s., and the work consisting of two octavo volumes, each three or four inches thick. We should expect the person who made such a purchase to go into the refreshment-room at Swindon and ask for a barrel of salt pork and a puncheon of rum.

A good many books of a more moderate size and price, but of a very solid character, are sold on the railways. Dr. Smith's *History of Rome*, a translation of Guizot on the *English Revolution*, Mr. Prescott's historical works, Mr. Henry Taylor's *Notes from Life*, and Mr. A. Helps's *Companions of my Solitude and Friends in Council*, are in steady demand. Mr. Helps is particularly popular at Manchester and Euston-square. The most singular proof of the voracity with which some people devour facts is to be found in the popularity of an epitome of Sir Archibald Alison's *History of Europe*, which condenses into one small, but very thick and very closely-printed volume, most of the facts which are to be found in twenty crown octavo volumes. Between 200 and 300 copies of this book have been sold. We should like to know how an epitome of the author's reflections would sell! It is satisfactory to find that standard poets are in much favour. During the last six months, 100 copies of various editions of Shakespeare have been sold, at prices varying from 5s. to 10s. 6d.—a considerable number of a 5s. edition of Milton—about 100 of a two-volume edition of Pope—of Young and Thomson, not more than six—about 100 of a 5s. edition of Byron's poems—and the same number of a similar edition of Scott's. The sale of Rogers's poems has been about 40 copies; of Coleridge's, about 30; of Shelley's (at 7s.), 15; of Campbell's (at 9s.), six or eight. Moore, Hood, and Longfellow, are decidedly the most popular of railway poets. About 200 copies of *Lalla Rookh*, the *Irish Melodies*, and the *Songs*, have been disposed of, and 20 copies of his complete works at 12s. 6d.; also, 200 copies of Longfellow's poems, 100 copies of *Hiawatha*, and from 200 to 300 of Hood's poems. Mr. Tennyson is popular, but in a considerably less degree. The sale of religious books is not inconsiderable; but none are popular unless they are of the Low-church school. Barnes's *Notes* and Hawker's *Portion* are fair specimens of the kind of books of this class which sell upon railways—they are mostly bought in Wales. The most curious fact connected with this part of the subject is the wonderful popularity of a quasi-theological biography—*The Life of Captain Hedley Vicars*. No less than 120,000 copies have been sold since its first publication. An edition of 20,000, lately published, went off in a single day; and Messrs. Smith could only obtain 36s. as their share, though a larger number might easily have been disposed of. There is some sale for scientific books. Popular manuals on various sciences, especially on geology, sell well; and a cheap edition of Kirby and Spence's *Entomology* has been exten-

sively purchased. Lardner's *Museum of Science and Art* is popular in the North—the engine-drivers and fitters are fond of buying books on mechanics. Cheap editions of *Oratorios* are also sought after. Messrs. Smith and Son, to their great credit, exercise a vigilant censorship over the stalls under their care, and banish from them all works of an openly immoral character. People, we are informed, often ask for books in the *Index Expurgatorius*, and look rather foolish on hearing that they are not kept. Charlattans, however, are successful on the railways, as elsewhere. Mr. Martin Tupper is considerably more popular than Shakespeare—Dr. Cumming goes down amazingly—and the exemplary Mr. S. W. Fulford entraps a considerable audience by turning physical science into a cross between a rare-show and a meeting-house. It would be a real service to the nation if any one could substitute for the works of these and some other gentlemen an equal number of copies of Soyer's *Cookery Book*, of which we are glad to hear an ungastronomic generation has purchased no less than 20,000.

The shilling and eighteen-penny novels form the great bulk of the sales on railways. Cheap editions of the *Waverley Novels* are still very popular, as many as 200 a month of an eighteen-penny edition are disposed of. Sir E. Lytton, however, is at the head of the list. Next comes Captain Marryat; after him—*longo intervallo*—Mr. James, Captain Grant, Miss Sinclair, Mr. Haliburton, Mrs. Trollope, Mr. Lever, Mrs. Gaskell, and Miss Austen. The numbers sold range from 1200 to 25 monthly. People are willing to pay high for a good novel, and many works by popular writers sell almost if not quite as well at five or six shillings, as at two. Those who care to read them at all care enough about them to pay well for them. On the other hand, it requires an enormous sale to make a profit out of a shilling novel. The printing is so expensive that nothing but a sale of many thousands will prevent a loss. There are only two ways of producing this result. The first is the legitimate plan of being able to put a popular name on the title-page—the other consists in external decorations on the cover of the book. The quantity of absolutely worthless rubbish which is disposed of by the latter artifice is amazing. Our readers may have seen in shop windows copies of a song called "The Language of the Eye," on the outside of which is depicted a lady screening her mouth with a fan, and ogling the passers-by with intense pertinacity. This is copied from the cover of a tastefully-ornamented pamphlet bearing the same title, written by one Joseph Turnley, and dedicated to Lord Ellesmere. It would be impossible to convey to our readers an adequate notion of the wretched absurdity of this book. It is so bad—so utterly and entirely bad—that to give reasons for disliking it would be like proving that toothache is unpleasant. Yet the scarlet-and-gold, the cream-coloured paper, and the ogling lady, have between them produced a sale of 4000 copies at Messrs. Smith's stalls alone; and we understand that between 20,000 and 30,000 have been sold altogether. That our readers may understand the force of our criticism, we subjoin an example of the author's style:—

The eye of some is all romance and feeling, and seems to portray varied pictures. In some you seem to see foreign lands, sweet wild scenery, and fancy walks by Ganges' side or Armenia's wilds. In some you may behold young love, as a pallid rose, in lighted halls of pleasure, where living stars of loveliness wear their silver and golden raiment. In some eyes you see genius pacing on some high tower, clad in the grandeur of contemplation, and wearing the damp and fervid heat of ambition: 'tis on such occasions you may see the spirit sitting on its throne of light eternal, and hear wild echoes from a voice with silver note,

"I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls."

The beauty and spirituality of some eyes exceeds the status of mere reason, and yields a path for the majestic step of imagination. Through the eye, joy of beams and hovers, imparting a luxuriant animation which causes adoration.

A novel called *Verdant Green* has reached a sale, principally by the same means, of even greater extent. It consists of three parts, of which there have been sold no less than 50,000 copies.

The sale of periodicals forms, of course, a very important branch of Messrs. Smith's business. A very large proportion of the newspaper circulation of the country passes through their hands, and there are probably some days on which they circulate as many as 100,000 copies of different journals, daily and weekly. Illustrated journals are much in request, and the experiment of publishing local penny papers would seem to have succeeded. The numbers disposed of are very great, but an enormous sale is necessary if any profit is to be made. On particular days, of course, the newspaper sale is immense. When the news of some of the battles in the late war arrived, the morning papers were soon out of print, and some of them sold on the next day for 1s., 1s. 6d., or even 2s. 6d. Palmer's trial created a "war demand," and 25,000 copies of his life were disposed of; but none of the other *causes célèbres* which have been so common within the last few years produced any perceptible effect on newspaper sale. Though, of course, there are many exceptions, the evening papers have suffered much of late years. The second editions of the morning journals have superseded them. The cheap novels have had a somewhat similar effect on the magazines. Periodical novels, of course, sell largely; but it is almost universally true of them that the demand is three or four times greater at the beginning than at the end of the story. A very small proportion of the amusement-hunters are in at the deaths and marriages.

Such are some of the results of the information with which Messrs. Smith have kindly supplied us. The most curious

fact which it proves is the enormous demand which exists amongst us for books of mere amusement. No doubt, the great majority of publications sold on a railway must be at once cheap and light; for such travellers as want graver books would naturally choose them beforehand, and take them with them. But though the character of the sale is not matter of surprise, the extent of it is matter for serious consideration. The sales of Messrs. Smith are only a very small part indeed of the total traffic in books of this class. It is by no means difficult to dispose of 30,000 or 40,000 copies of a popular novel; and when we remember the number of such books that are annually published, it is probably no exaggeration to say that more than a million of them must be disposed of annually. Twenty years ago, a novel of any kind was an expensive luxury—at the present day, it costs only twice as much as a pot of beer. We have seen so many strange events that it is not easy to say what may be the effects of any revolution; but certainly such a deluge of *eau sucrée* must produce some results. It would seem as if, for the mass of mankind, thought had become almost impossible. We are all of us drowned in business on the one hand, and in amusement on the other. Indeed, if we consider the infinitely elaborate apparatus which we have constructed to satisfy our appetite for amusement, we shall be filled with a kind of awe. We take more trouble about idling than most nations do about working.

We would conclude by suggesting the possibility of adding to the present stock of railway libraries a certain number of second-hand copies of standard works, such as abound in every book-stall in London. Every one who cares for books knows the attractions of those establishments, and we should think that the better educated class of travellers would as often be tempted to lay out their loose shillings on "something to read," by the sober leather coats of old copies of English or foreign classics, as by the most splendid combinations of gilding and scarlet that ever decorated the novels of writers otherwise unknown to fame.

DR. TYNDALL'S THEORY OF GLACIERS.

A VERY interesting lecture was delivered last week at the Royal Institution, by Dr. Tyndall, on the subject of Glaciers and their motion. The lecturer began by a graphic and animated description of some of the more striking facts and phenomena connected with glaciers, and briefly noticed some of the principal experiments which have established the well-known laws of glacier motion. He repeated some of the beautiful experiments of Professor Forbes, in which a stream of mud is allowed to flow down an inclined channel, and, parts of the surface being marked in straight and curved lines with light deposits of coloured matter, some of the more obvious peculiarities of glacier motion are reproduced in miniature—experiments which, as was remarked with no less poetry than truth, enable us, "in the very dregs and dross of nature, to detect the golden fibres of her laws." To conclude, however, from this reproduction of some of the phenomena in question, that the glacier ice is, like the mud flowing along the mimic channel, a semi-fluid or viscous body, was, he observed, too large a deduction from an imperfect analogy. One difference was obvious—namely, that the ice is shattered where it falls over a ridge or flows down a rapid declivity, while the mud coheres, and presents throughout an unbroken surface.

Dr. Tyndall then proceeded to describe what is known as the "veined structure" of glacier ice. Wherever the structure of compacted ice is displayed, as in the vertical walls of a crevasse, it is found to consist of alternate bands of blue and white ice lying side by side in parallel plates or laminae, presenting different degrees of hardness. One of the great problems in glacier science is to account satisfactorily for these alternating bands of varying density and colour. The theory suggested by Professor Forbes for its explanation, and which has for some years been accepted as, if not entirely satisfactory, at all events the best yet offered, is that the unequal motion of different parts of a glacier—which is most rapid in the centre, and least rapid where it is in close contiguity to the sides, and affected, therefore, by friction—causes "a solution of continuity between the adjacent particles of ice to enable the middle to move faster than the sides." Hence innumerable fissures are formed between the different slices, so to speak, which move on, side by side, with varying velocities. These fissures are filled with the superficial drainage of the glacier, and in time are frozen up, and thus "produce the appearance of bands traversing the general mass of the ice having a different texture." The banded structure, however, is found not only at and near the sides, where a considerable amount of differential motion exists, but also in the centre of the glacier, where no such tension takes place. Here, therefore, Professor Forbes supposed that the lateral friction being of little effect, another force comes prominently into action; and that, as there must be a great pressure from behind, owing to the weight of the upper part of the glacier, and as the body is of very imperfect fluidity, the resistance of the mass in front to the pressure behind, uninfluenced by the lateral friction, causes the particles of moving ice to "slide upwards and forwards over the particles immediately in advance." Hence the differential motion will be in a different direction from what it is at the sides. The planes of separation will be across the axis of the glacier, instead of being nearly parallel to it, and will have

a dip towards the horizon, varying with the amount of resistance in front, and the amount of pressure from behind—varying, that is, according to the respective distances from the end and from the origin of the glacier.

We do not pretend to give this sketch of Professor Forbes's ingenious theory in the words of Dr. Tyndall. Indeed, the time at his disposal was so limited, and the subject so large, that his outline was even less detailed, and we are disposed to think somewhat less intelligible than the one just given. Professor Forbes's theory has unquestionably this merit. It is in complete harmony with itself. All its parts hang very well together, and it accords singularly well with the beautiful experiments on bodies undoubtedly viscous, by which he reproduced in miniature, on mimic glaciers, many of the more obvious and striking, as well as some of the more delicate phenomena of the glacier world. Nor are there, so far as we are aware, any facts recorded in the works of that acute and persevering investigator which are at variance with his theory.

To this theory, however, beautiful and ingenious as it is, Dr. Tyndall advances two formidable objections. First, he says that, during a recent examination of glacier-ice, made by himself and Mr. Huxley, they discovered, distributed throughout the mass of the glacier, long and narrow lenticular cavities filled with clear blue ice—such ice as forms the blue bands of the veined structure, and which was supposed by Professor Forbes to be the product of the congelation of the infiltrated drainage-water. It was not expressly stated, but we presume, from the diagrams to which the lecturer referred, as well as from the nature of the argument, that these masses are found in a direction of general parallelism to the axis of the glacier. They vary very much in size. One was two feet long by two inches broad, others two or three inches long by a fraction of an inch in breadth; and one measured no less than ten feet long. How could motion such as that suggested by the viscous theory have produced these lenticular cavities in the middle of the glacier? Had there been the suggested thrust from behind, and resistance in front, they would certainly have been closed up. Secondly, says Dr. Tyndall, if the explanation given by Professor Forbes of the formation of the blue bands be correct, the fissures, in which the reservoirs of water which make the blue bands are formed, must be of equal thickness; and before the water in them is frozen, they should be found filled with clear blue water. The blue bands vary from a fraction of an inch to many inches in thickness, and therefore such fissures could scarcely escape observation if they existed. But they have never yet been found, and may therefore be assumed not to exist. According to Professor Forbes himself, the freezing takes place chiefly, if not exclusively, in winter; so that, throughout the summer, the matrices of these blue bands should present themselves as narrow reservoirs of clear blue water—a phenomenon which no observer has ever yet discovered.

We pass over some objections raised to Professor Forbes's suggestion of a drag towards the centre in the motion of a glacier, and come to the explanation offered by Dr. Tyndall of the peculiar structure and condition of glacier ice. He discards altogether the notion that ice is a viscous or plastic body. Wherever the banded structure displays itself, the ice is found to follow a law discovered by Dr. Tyndall, and announced in a lecture delivered to the Institution on the 6th of June last, and which is applicable to every subject in nature not strictly homogeneous. When subjected to and consolidated by pressure, the phenomenon of cleavage, or the property of being capable of lamination in definite and parallel planes, is exhibited. Take a piece of slate rock, pound it into powder, mix it up with water into its original mud, subject it to pressure, and you reproduce the original slate, capable of being split into parallel tables equally with a slab fresh from the quarry. Wherever the banded structure is found, the property of cleavage exists. Indeed, the comparison, which Professor Forbes himself suggested, to slaty cleavage is no mere analogy. The plates of cleavage in the ice, as in the slate, are always found to be perpendicular to the direction of greatest pressure—a fact which was suspected though not established by Professor Forbes himself. The lenticular masses observed in the glacier ice are analogous to the blue and green lenticular masses which occur in common slate, and which present themselves to every schoolboy's eye. The similarity of form suggests a common origin, and they are probably due to analogous causes, whatever those be, in each case. The laminated structure, therefore, according to Dr. Tyndall, is not due to the freezing of water in fissures caused by differential motion, but is the genuine effect of pressure acting in a direction perpendicular to the structure.

But ice, it will be said, must be plastic, to reunite under pressure, as it does in the course of its descent. Dr. Tyndall thinks this phenomenon strictly in accordance with the common and obvious properties of ice; and he exhibited a number of interesting experiments, in the course of which lumps of ice were put between moulds of various forms, and, being subjected to severe pressure, were broken and crushed, and the fragments squeezed together again into solid bodies of a totally different shape. This phenomenon the lecturer attributed, not to viscosity, but to the property which was announced by Dr. Faraday in 1850, and which Dr. Hooker has named "regelation"—in virtue of which two pieces of ice at 32° being subjected to pressure, will freeze themselves together, and unite by a series of slender icicles or columns of ice, running into one another so as to form one solid mass. That this was the result of some distinct and independent

property, and not merely, as had been once supposed, the effect of evaporation upon the wet surface, was shown by the fact that the process takes place with equal certainty under water, and even under boiling water. It is in virtue of this principle, according to Dr. Tyndall, that snow becomes converted into ice at depths below the surface at which the effects of external temperature are inappreciable. It is in virtue of this principle that ice broken into fragments, by pouring over a ridge in its bed, or by being precipitated over the edge of a precipice, is reconstructed on a gentler slope, or at the foot of the rock from which it fell, and the glacier flow is continued, or a fresh secondary glacier formed, as the case may be.

Between two such authorities we do not presume to decide; and it is hardly fair to comment too nicely on the reasoning of a lecturer, where the necessity for compression, almost as severe as that to which the ice of the glacier is subjected, hampers the lecturer, and precludes him from fairly developing his arguments. But we cannot help remarking that the beautiful experiments of Dr. Tyndall do not seem to us so conclusive as they appeared to be to a large portion of the audience, and as they certainly claimed to be considered. We think they prove nothing more than that some of the phenomena of that pressure the existence of which all theorists alike take as their starting-point—to whatever causes they attribute it, or whatever may be the precise part they make it play in the glacier economy—may be exhibited upon hand specimens, as well as in the vast masses upon which nature displays her workings. If so, they have really no bearing upon the question at issue. Professor Forbes, lecturing at Edinburgh, and upholding the viscous theory, might perform the very same experiments, and draw from the completeness of the reunion of the crushed fragments an argument in favour of the viscosity or semi-fluidity of ice. So again, with respect to the cleavage exhibited by ice, to make Dr. Tyndall's argument perfect, it requires to be either assumed or proved that the phenomenon of cleavage is inconsistent with viscosity. At present, whatever may be made probable, the logical conclusion from the arguments used with respect to regelation, can scarcely be said to go further than this—that regelation may play a large part, unacknowledged by Professor Forbes, in the order of the glacier world.

Something would be gained by beginning with a rigid definition of what is meant by viscosity. Professor Forbes appears to have used the word as synonymous with semi-fluidity—explaining it sometimes as the "mutual adhesiveness of the particles of the semi-fluid," sometimes as an "imperfect mobility in the particles of fluids." Dr. Tyndall seemed to use it more than once as synonymous with plasticity. But the terms are far from being interchangeable; for though all viscous bodies may be plastic, it does not follow that plastic bodies are viscous. It is obvious that the term is a somewhat vague one, and until it is more rigidly defined, there will be a certain amount of confusion about its application, which makes it difficult to say what is the precise point at issue between the disputants who use it. The property of regelation would rather seem, as far as the experiments went, to aid, and be supplemental to, the proper action of viscosity, than to be inconsistent with it.

There may be difficulties in conceiving ice to be a semi-fluid body, but the limiting conditions of solidity and semi-fluidity fade into one another. The plaster of Paris of which a cast is composed has passed through every stage of semi-fluidity into that of solidity, and it is impossible to mark any precise point in the transition as the limit where semi-fluidity ends and solidity begins. Beyond all doubt, ice is not entirely rigid. The ice of our pools often exhibits great elasticity beneath the passing weight of the skater. The very phenomena of glacier-motion themselves, to whatever cause assigned, prove that the particles of ice can move to some extent *inter se*, without producing disruption. Bodies quite as apparently solid and brittle as ice are found to flow down inclined planes, in the same manner as fluids, by their own weight. Stockholm pitch will move slowly—very slowly—in a manner precisely analogous to the flow of treacle or thick glue, when it is solid enough to break into a thousand fragments beneath the hammer. Mercury is an undoubted semi-fluid; but when once separated into globules, pressure is needed to reunite them. So that it is impossible to conclude, from mere appearances, and from the obvious properties of hardness and brittleness, that ice does not really possess the genuine properties of a semi-fluid body. Beyond all doubt, its motion in a glacier presents some most striking analogies with the motion of semi-fluids; and, while we do not venture to pronounce which of the opposing theories contains the true explanation of the glacier phenomena, we cannot help thinking that much more is needed than was advanced in Dr. Tyndall's lecture to prove that Professor Forbes was wrong.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

At the last meeting of this Society, a paper was read *On some of the Products of the destructive Distillation of Boghead Coal*, by Mr. C. G. Williams.

The action of heat on organic substances has been studied in two great branches. In the one, the relation of the products to the original matter is seen, and we are enabled to draw theoretical deductions, in most cases of great simplicity. In the other, the relation is not capable of being traced; and it would appear, therefore, at a first glance, that the study of bodies pro-

duced in this manner would be comparatively little conducive to the advancement of theoretical science. But, so far from this holding good, it is not too much to assert that organic chemistry has been more enriched by products of the second kind than by those of the first. The metamorphoses of naphthaline, to which the law of substitution owes so much for its development—the study of amiline, which has so greatly increased our knowledge of the theory of basic combinations—and the history of the phenyl series and its numerous homologies, are, immense as their influence on the progress of chemistry has been, only a few instances of what may be anticipated from the study of products of destructive distillation.

Heat is perhaps the only chemical agent to which we can assign no special function. At one time, it acts as a powerful incentive to oxidation—at another, to reduction. It is generally recognised as the most potent of disruptive forces, yet we sometimes find it causing the coalescence and reduplication of atoms. Therefore it is evident that, allowing heat to possess these various and apparently antagonistic qualities, there are few organic bodies capable of withstanding high temperatures, whose presence among products of destructive distillation can be looked upon as impossible. The progress of chemical science has more-over shown, in repeated instances, that the substances at one time regarded as the rarest and most difficult to be obtained, may shortly become those with which we are most familiar. The investigation described in the paper before us may be considered a case in point, for its object is to prove the existence, in great quantities, of a commercial product hitherto only procurable by processes founded on purely theoretical considerations, and requiring much care in their prosecution.

The substance, the distillate from which contains the hydrocarbons forming the subject of Mr. Williams' communication, is boghead coal, worked on a large scale at Bathgate, near Edinburgh. The author does not enter on the much-disputed question respecting the nature of this mineral, his object being solely to study the chemical relations of the bodies produced by its decomposition under the influence of heat. The ordinary boghead naphtha appears in commerce in the form of a nearly colourless fluid of a very characteristic odour, quite different from that obtained from ordinary coal. The specific gravity is only 0.750 at 15°, and is therefore greatly lower than that from the latter source; for even when thoroughly purified, benzol has a density of 0.850. Notwithstanding its density, the boiling-point is high; the lowest fraction that the author could obtain being between 143° and 148°. That the fluid is a mixture of many bodies of very different boiling points, is shown by the fact that the mercury in the thermometer steadily rose to the highest range it was safe to allow.

Having made no fewer than one thousand distillations, for the purpose of obtaining the crude hydrocarbons of nearly constant boiling-point, the author proceeded to ascertain whether the fluid consisted of more than one substance; and he soon discovered that there were two series of bodies present. The fluids obtained are perfectly colourless, of a pleasant odour resembling may-blossoms, very volatile even at low temperatures, and having a density of about 0.725. If pieces of sodium are rapidly cut from a mass so as to have only a very thin layer of soda, and are then thrown into the perfectly dry hydrocarbon, the coating of oxide is dissolved, the metal appearing of the lustre of silver; and it may probably be thus kept for any length of time.

After a detail of experiments, the author submits that they prove that the distillate from the boghead coal contains, in addition to several other substances, a series of hydrocarbons, having the per-centage composition density in the fluid and gaseous states, and also the boiling-point of the alcohol radicals. It is to be regretted that, in investigating these bodies, we are unable to avail ourselves of active affinities of a kind which would tend to yield easily procured and definite compounds, the study of which would remove all doubts as to identity. It is also peculiarly unfortunate that the boiling-point of simple and compound radicals, as at present determined, shows no fixed laws. In fact, if we examine the only data in our possession on the subject, we find no less than nine different values.

REVIEWS.

CRANIA BRITANNICA.*

A GOOD work on British ethnology has long been a national want. The treasures of archaeology and history have mouldered away amongst us, or been rescued by foreign hands. We have taken matters after the old Roman fashion—governed colonies and conquered empires, but left the task of preserving our memory to patient Germans or speculative Frenchmen. A part of our chronicles was first issued at Frankfort—a gentleman of Brittany has preserved the Welsh poets. If the only interests affected were those of the Imperial honour, we might perhaps pretty safely leave it to care for itself. But there is some knowledge of a kind which strangers cannot possess. No Englishman could have been quite ignorant, as M. Thierry was, of the

* *Crania Britannica: Delineations and Descriptions of the Skulls of the Early Inhabitants of the British Islands, with Notices of their other Remains.* By J. B. Davis, M.R.C.S., and J. Thurnam, M.D. Decade I. Printed for J. B. Davis, Skelton, Staffordshire.

Kentish law of gavelkind. An acquaintance with provincial dialects and idiomatic expressions can be looked for only within the four seas, and is of priceless rarity even here. Anything, therefore, like a minute and accurate sketch of British ethnology—our autobiography, in a word—must be written by ourselves. For many reasons it is to be wished that our Government would attempt for the British people what Congress has done for the semihuman Aborigines of the great Western Continent. Unhappily, the stream of public expense has been turned into other channels; and the present is not a likely time for a project of no commercial value to find favour with the public. It is fortunate we can fall back on so good a substitute as the work of Messrs. Davis and Thurnam.

The first decade of *Crania Britannica* falls naturally into two parts, on a principle of division which, we suppose, will obtain throughout. The first four chapters, and the beginning of the fifth, either sketch the general course of the inquiry, or lay down broadly the conclusions and laws that have been arrived at. The second part is devoted to the proofs, and consists of some highly-finished engravings of crania, accompanied by a descriptive commentary. This division will be of great convenience when the work is completed, and it is obvious that the respective values of the two parts may be very different, both in themselves and for different readers.

The Introduction states clearly and simply the object aimed at, the difficulties that embarrass it, and the means that will be adopted to overcome them. The object, of course, is to procure typical forms of the crania of the different races that have conquered or colonized Britain. The obstacles that perplex or defeat all research are manifold, for the races that came over were never altogether unmixed. We have no fixed standard to try them by, their remains are uncertain or mutilated, and even in the purest tribes, individuals often approximate to other types. Mr. Davis might have added the historical reason, that the *municipia*, our best source of Roman remains, derived their population chiefly from barbarous mercenaries. Again, the fact to which he alludes—that Britain was probably inhabited, before the arrival of the Kelt, by an inferior savage tribe—may explain, with at least some show of likelihood, why the cranial capacity of their conquerors is comparatively low in the Indo-Germanic scale, just as the conquering castes of Hindostan have suffered by intermixture with the Tamulic population. In the presence of such elements of confusion, scientific accuracy may appear an impossible dream. But the type that predominates numerically, or is physically more vigorous, always triumphs over and assimilates the others—just as a sprinkling of black blood will disappear naturally, after a few generations, among a white people. A question of interest, however, remains. Is the foreign unit, although constantly lessened, still present always as a modifying element?—or is it, from the laws of organic growth, entirely eliminated by the vital energy of its conquerors? On all principles of induction, the former theory would seem preferable. At our present stage of knowledge, it is impossible to understand such an idea as destruction implies; and this view would conveniently explain the infinite shades of difference between tribes apparently of the same stem. But analogies are not trustworthy, and it is safer to leave the question to the decision of time. Either verdict will maintain unaffected the great fact on which the science rests, that distinctions at present exist between the races of men which, for all practical purposes, are immutable.

And this leads us to the second question—how certainty is to be obtained in determining the different shapes of skulls. Of course, even the most practised eye cannot in this matter compete with scientific measurements. The methods adopted by the Editors appear satisfactory, as far as they go. In particular, it was probably a wise choice to substitute sand for millet seeds or a fluid, in gauging the capacity of the skull—it is more manageable, and less affected by temperature. But it is to be hoped they will adopt or improve the plan first suggested by Dr. Huschke for comparing the relative magnitudes of the temporal, parietal, and occipital compartments of the brain. To those who believe in craniology, a determination of the relations of thought, feeling, and will must be all-important. To those who do not, the measurements will at least afford an additional standard of comparison. Generally, however, it may be remarked that, in the case of old British and Roman skulls, we can never look for any but very scanty results. Previous generations have destroyed or neglected, till they have left us little to work upon; and even where a fragment has been preserved, the loss of a lower jaw-bone may detract seriously from the credit of the conclusions deduced. This the Editors have been ready to admit; and it is a gratifying instance of the spirit in which their work is carried on, that they have not, in accordance with late tendencies, disregarded the facial bones. Perhaps the best way to supply our present shortcomings, would be by giving comparative tables of the race in question, as it is found in other lands. As, however, the Welsh and Gaelic crania will, in fact, furnish us with these data for the Britons, we have only practically to desire that, in the least important case—that of the Romans—our present knowledge may be corrected and enlarged by some measurements of skulls from the Catacombs or from the modern Trastevere population.

The second Chapter professes to convey, in a short form, the views of early observers. It was probably intended to give a general idea of the notions popularly current; and that purpose

it will answer. Otherwise, a very short inspection will convince the reader that it by no means supplies the want of an index to other works—in fact, the period between Herodian and Sir R. C. Hoare is left altogether untouched. Now, if space would permit, much valuable evidence might, we think, be extracted from descriptions in songs and chronicles, or by strangers, such as *Aeneas Sylvius* and *Erasmus*, who witness to the chain of unbroken succession throughout the Middle Ages. The “fair-haired” Angles in the Roman marketplace, the “swan-necked” Edith, and the “Englishman’s face and hands” which Alfonso wished for, are all glimpses of light as vivid as any that gleam out from Martial’s verses, where the grey-blue eyes and Roman bust (*Latia pectora plebis*, to which Raumer compared their daughters eighteen hundred years later) do but mock us under the common name of Briton, which confounded Saxon and Kelt. Chaucer alone is a perfect repertory of descriptions of national features, and is the more trustworthy because he wrote at a time when noble and peasant in the State respectively meant Norman and Saxon by descent.

The third Chapter is a clear summary of cranial anatomy, for the benefit of unprofessional readers. With a little thought, even those who approach this subject for the first time may gain from these pages and the inspection of a skull, a fair notion of the bones of the head. Those who have toiled through the meagre and repulsive details of a surgical manual, will appreciate the merits of a vivid and clear description. But it would be injustice to Mr. Davis not to add that this chapter, based as it is upon transcendental anatomy, shows an enormous advance on the old school of English ethnology, and gives the happiest presage of the final success of his work. It is a difference as important in science, as that which, in other departments, shades off the chronicle from the history—the ballad from the *Divina Commedia*. The most ordinary observer may give us the measurements and characteristics of a human skeleton. If he be thoughtful and laborious beyond the wont of ordinary observers, he may add comparative tables of the weight, and size, and angles of the bones of other animals. All this work has its own dignity and use, but it is almost valueless when we approach the absolute study of man. For it is not by the outward conditions of form, but by the inward capacity or germ of growth which determines them, that man is distinguished from man and from some of his inferiors in creation. The skull of the infant chimpanzee may fairly be confounded by the untutored eye with that of the infant negro; but when seven years have elapsed, even a child would lay his finger on the bones of the man, and reject the skull of the brute. Within the limits of humanity itself, the same law is perceptible. In the Saxon as in the negro boy, the emotional predominate over the intellectual faculties; but the African never changes, whilst his master gradually ascends into the dominion of clear thought and vigorous ideality. To these developments of nervous life the osseous framework must of course adapt itself. We should expect, if we did not know it, that immobility and solid strength would characterize the retreating front and narrow head of the Ethiopian; whilst the broad, dome-like forehead, and spacious orbital cavities of the European, seem a fit temple for the expansive brains of Charlemagne and Bacon. Yet these conclusions might be merely the after-play of fancy, if they were not sustained by other and unsuspecting proof. The head is nothing but a cluster of vertebrae, which reproduce on a larger scale the joints or layers of that spinal column of which the skull is, as it were, the graceful capital. Hence every part of the skeleton—the clumsy nodule, which seems only a base for clinging fibres, the broad arches of the chest, and the slender or massive extremities—correspond exactly to the primal or typical vertebrae. When these things are better understood, we shall be able not only to analyse, but to reproduce. Those who never toiled like Owen and Cuvier, will one day inherit their labours. Given the skull, it will be easy to determine what the body has been—given a lumbar or cervical vertebra, to reproduce the skull and arms. Of course a dim sense of these analogies has never been wanting. The current fancies about the shape of hands and ears, and the empirical founders of phrenology and physiognomy, have alike appealed to a popular belief that the body counterfeits and expresses the workings of the mind. But popular prejudice, tending as it always does to lose sight of the omnipotence of law, interpreted the discrepancies which it saw to mean that men could control and set aside the operations of nature. This one error may be traced in a thousand forms. It dictated systems of education which were to mould children like counters into the same fashion and stamp; it inspired theories of degeneracy and change, so that the Papuan in his godless solitude was only the European in another, and, to cynical philanthropists, a more simple and nobler, phase. No doubt the scientific assertion of law has at times promoted an opposite error, and tended to deny that freedom which we somehow know we possess in spite of logic. But of the two fallacies, that man makes nature, or is made by it, the latter is certainly the less dangerous for the student of physical science.

And thus we are led naturally to the fourth chapter, in which the question of artificial distortions of the skull is discussed. The results arrived at are briefly these—that such distortions are possible; that they have been produced intentionally among the barbarous nations of antiquity, and the barbarous classes of modern times; that they do not necessarily interfere with the

highest functions of the mind, but that they decidedly tend to promote insanity. A strong confirmation of the law which makes anatomy a science of types, not of outward forms, appears in the fact that these distortions are no more transmissible by descent than a broken limb or the scars of the small-pox. The matter is chiefly of importance as seeming to introduce a new element of uncertainty in the determination of characteristic skulls. But in Britain it is not likely often to occur or to present very serious difficulties. Mr. Davis' conjecture that the distorted skull, referred to an Anglo-Saxon woman, belongs in all likelihood to an aboriginal tribe, will, we think, commend itself to most readers. Dr. Thurnam's idea that it has been moulded by the pressure of the soil, implies a predominance of organic matter which would seem inconsistent with its preservation. Not improbably, the pyramidal conformation of the skulls found in the Isle of Man, is due to intermarriage of the first savage settlers with their Celtic and Norse conquerors. We are thus led back from questions of art and culture to those of race. And it is at least worth considering whether such intermixture of blood as is sufficient to modify the capacity and shape of the skull may not also affect the palate and organs of speech. The origin and peculiarities of dialect would thus find an easy and probable explanation. The point is certainly one on which the respective claims of anatomy and philology must, before very long, be adjusted.

From the general chapters we pass to the plates and descriptive commentary. Those who remember what the *Decades* of Blumenbach were, will perceive at a glance the very different standard of appliances and demands in modern science. Every skull stands out in bold relief from the page—the projections and angles of the natural outline appear so faithfully reproduced as almost to supersede the study of the original. And it is beautiful to see what salient differences divide the races one from another. Firmly knit, well proportioned, elastic, nowhere excessive, but with a certain fulness of the parietal bones, the British skull seems to symbolize that logical unity of thought, that enthusiasm of the feelings by which thought and will are overpowered, which have been the heirlooms of the race throughout all time. The same logical symmetry of intellect, but tempered by broad, rather than intense passion, and based on a massive will, confronts us in the smooth, square outline of the Roman's face, in the width of the middle and the depth of the hinder regions of the skull; whilst the second generation, which was to conquer and rule the world, shows the widely different structure of the Anglo-Saxon—the arched and capacious, though narrow, region of the brow, combining, with the long and deep occipital cavity, to subordinate the feelings to mind and will. A strong animal tendency is visible in the lower jaw—the rough, uneven outlines of the bones half look as if the central idea of the form could not struggle successfully against the vigorous growth of the independent parts. The descriptions, mostly by Dr. Thurnam, give many archaeological details of interest, and the tables of measurement appear to have been carefully drawn up. But we must again express our regret that the means of ascertaining the relative dimensions of the different parts of the brain have been withheld from us. Measurements of the skull do not give this with even tolerable accuracy, as we cannot estimate by guess the comparative densities of the bones in different crania. Perhaps it will be found possible in later numbers to subjoin these, if no accurate gauge for the cubical contents of the several regions can be contrived.

What has been said will sufficiently indicate the general character of the work before us. If the next five numbers fulfil the promise of the first, it will be amongst the most valuable contributions that have been made to British science within the last half century. For the sake of the authors and the public, it deserves a more liberal encouragement than it has as yet received. In its own department it will probably remain the standard work of reference for many years. The praise of a wider aim it does not deserve. Those who open it with the expectation of finding a manual of British ethnology will soon perceive that they have mistaken the drift of the authors. A bare summary of the leading views on collateral points of the science is all that the second chapter attempts—it appears to be final, and is perhaps the least successful part of the work. For every reason this was to be expected, and is not to be regretted. Anatomy, clear and truthful as its expressions are, shows us only the fabric of the home which the spirit has wrought itself. A profound truth lies in the etymology which derives man from mind. Ethnology, rightly understood, is the determination of those primary types of character whose development, through the changes of time and space, is history in the actions of men, in their abstract research of truth, or sensuous embodiments of beauty. The crude beginnings of great historians—and even more, their political prejudices—may at times have attached undue importance to institutions and thoughts which belonged to the age, as much at least as to the people. But, for all practical purposes, the broad laws of demarcation between tribe and tribe are graven with living letters on the ruins of the past. In alphabet and grammar, in civil polity and religious faith, the gradual ascent from inorganic to organic—from the blank reason that can scarcely count, to the intellectual energy that reduces creation's multitudinous expressions to order and law—is as clear and as strong as the voiceless record of cypress forests and diluvial formations. The three great faiths of the Western world have

been preached by Arabs and Jews. The Roman mind (as Mr. Maine has so well told us) has moulded the laws of Christendom during nearly two thousand years; and the Saxon people, since it grew up to manhood, has fought out liberty for Church and Commonwealth. Civilization cannot impair or change these elements of life. But if it work rightly, it will so order them that an open field may be left to the powers of each in an equitable system, where chance is excluded by law.

HORNE'S INTRODUCTION.*

THE publication of a tenth edition of so large a work as *Horne's Introduction* affords striking evidence of the interest felt by the public in theology. There are, moreover, special circumstances connected with the present edition which increase the importance which attaches to it. In order to adapt the book to the existing state of knowledge, two gentlemen—Dr. Davidson and Dr. Tregelles—were associated with Mr. Horne in the task of preparing this edition. Dr. Davidson wrote the whole of the second volume, which consists of an introduction to the Old Testament; Dr. Tregelles wrote part of the fourth, consisting principally of textual criticism on the New Testament, and edited the rest; and Mr. Horne revised the first volume, which contains a summary of the evidences of the authenticity and inspiration of the Bible, and the third, which is devoted to the subject of biblical geography and antiquities. When the book was finally published in its present form, so great a difference was apparent between Dr. Davidson's volume and the others that Mr. Horne and Dr. Tregelles took the very unusual step of disavowing all responsibility for the views of their associate; and the publishers, we believe, divided the work, so that the second volume now forms a distinct publication from the first, third, and fourth. We do not wish to enter upon any of the personal questions to which these proceedings have given birth, nor shall we discuss the theological correctness or otherwise of the views respectively adopted by Mr. Horne and Dr. Davidson; but we think it very important to call attention, not so much to the specific opinions of these gentlemen upon the matters on which they differ, as to the different methods in which they approach and handle them. We shall confine our remarks on the present occasion to the first volume. We propose to take an early opportunity of referring to the second, by Dr. Davidson; but as the third and fourth relate either to subjects of a special nature, or to topics handled in a similar tone to that which prevails in the first volume, we do not propose to refer to them further.

Thirty-eight years have passed since the first edition of the volume which we are considering was published; and subsequent alterations and additions have not deprived it, in any material degree, of the character which was almost sure to be impressed upon a theological book written at that time. We wish to speak with all possible respect of a man who has laboured so long and so usefully for his generation as Mr. Horne; but we do not think that we are violating that rule in saying that, since his first appearance as an author, the whole controversy to which he addressed himself has—in the minds at least of the more thoughtful part of the community—shifted its ground to such an extent that both parties are entitled to claim at each other's hands a very different treatment from that which they were accustomed to expect, and to afford, forty years ago. We will attempt to describe the nature of this change.

A gentleman, who was some years since on a visit to a solicitor in a large country town, found in his friend's library a pamphlet, published in the early part of this century, entitled, *Trial of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, fishermen of Galilee, for Wilful and Corrupt Perjury*. There were of course a judge, a jury, and counsel for the Crown and for the prisoners; and, as might have been expected, the proceedings terminated in a triumphant acquittal. The pamphlet was a striking example of the whole tone of the controversy upon the subject of the evidences of Christianity, which was carried on so vehemently during the latter part of the last, and the early part of the present century. Nothing can be more curious, in our day, than to remark the extreme narrowness of the conception which all but the highest minds seem to have had of the points at issue. Whatever they may have doubted, both parties appear to have agreed that there was a certain set of opinions which, taken together, made up a definite system, called Christianity, which was contained in the Bible; but the one party affirmed, and the other denied, the possibility of answering certain *a priori* objections to its reception, and of adducing sufficient positive evidence in its favour to induce a belief in it. It is curious to see how instinctively the national mind looked upon the whole subject as a question for a jury. Paley's *Evidences* is nothing more than the speech of an advocate affecting the tone of a judge, and the volume before us answers to the same description, except that it neither is, nor affects to be, impartial. It would be unjust to call it bigoted or intolerant, but it has some of the characteristics of intolerance. It is like the writing of a lawyer determined to get all he possibly

* *An Introduction to the Critical Study and Knowledge of the Holy Scriptures*. By the Rev. Hartwell Horne, B.D. Tenth Edition. Revised, corrected, and brought down to the present time. Edited by the Rev. Thomas Hartwell Horne, B.D., the Rev. Samuel Davidson, D.D., and Samuel Prideaux Tregelles, LL.D. 4 vols. London: Longmans. 1836.

can for his client. In the time at which Mr. Horne wrote, it was the Christian advocate's duty to have an answer for any objection. There was the Christian side, and the Infidel side, and it was no more the business of a Christian writer to enter into, or to sympathize with the infidel's difficulties, than it was the business of the Duke of Wellington to suggest to Massena or Soult improvements in the plan of their operations. The very first paragraph in Mr. Horne's introduction says—"That there now is, and that for more than eighteen centuries there has existed in the world, a religion called the CHRISTIAN, and that its professors . . . appeal to certain books by them accounted sacred, as the basis on which their religion is founded, are facts which no one can controvert;" and his conception of his duty seems to have been, that he had to act as counsel for the Bible, not only answering all objections to its truth, but, even when an admission was made as to a general principle, objecting as much as possible to its application to any particular fact.

A most remarkable illustration of this is to be found in the reasonings about the Mosaic account of the creation and deluge. Pp. 582-6 are occupied by arguments to prove that, consistently with the first chapter of Genesis, the earth may have existed for any number of ages. At p. 586 there is a similar attempt to show that Genesis vii. 19 ("The waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth, and all the high hills that were under the whole heaven were covered") is consistent with a partial deluge. But at p. 588 there is a triumphant refutation of "Count Borch, who, towards the close of the eighteenth century, attempted to prove Mount Etna to be 8000 years old by the different strata of lava discovered therein," and the process terminates in the following moral reflection:—"Faith in a miracle rests upon testimony, but faith in their scheme must be founded on an extreme desire to prove a falsehood." Surely Mr. Horne can never have heard the old bar joke. An action being brought for breaking the knees of a horse, lent by the plaintiff to the defendant, the latter pleads first that the horse was never lent—secondly, that his knees were never broken—thirdly, that they were broken when he was lent—and, fourthly, that they were not broken when he was returned. Mr. Horne's argument is, first, that the Bible does not deny the antiquity of the earth, and, secondly, that Count Borch failed to prove it. The whole tone in which various difficulties which have distressed the most sincere Christians are dealt with, puts the same thing in a clearer light. For example—the passages in which God is spoken of as putting "lying spirits" into the mouths of prophets have not unnaturally caused much perplexity. "God," says Mr. Horne, "is charged by the opposers of divine revelation with being guilty of falsehood by inspiring prophets with false messages and by violating his promises. The grossness of such assertions is sufficiently disgusting, but it is the duty of a Christian advocate fully to meet them and expose their falsehood." In the same way, speaking of the tortures said to have been inflicted by David on the Ammonites, Mr. Horne remarks:—"The cavils of the objectors in this, as in every other instance, are utterly unfounded." It is well worthy of observation, that in this, as in some other instances, "the cavils of the objectors" are refuted by an assertion that the passage upon which the objection is founded is a mistranslation. No tenderness, however, is shown to the "objector" on this account. If he had remained satisfied with statements which, as they stand, confessedly impugn the truth and justice of God, the "Christian advocate" would have been perfectly satisfied, for they would have given him no trouble; but as soon as any one objects, not to the Bible, but to a misrepresentation of its meaning, his objections are rebuked as "groundless," "gross," and "disgusting." Almost the whole volume might be quoted in proof of its entirely one-sided character. At p. 442-6, we find an elaborate proof that unbelievers are "more credulous" than Christians. At p. 31-32, we have an account of the opinions of various Deists, from Lord Herbert of Chesham to Voltaire, which ascribes to men most of whom were possessed of considerable, some of pre-eminent, ability, opinions so wildly absurd and contradictory that no one out of Bedlam ever did or possibly could hold them. In fact, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that any objection or demur to any doctrine which the writer considers necessary to Christianity is either referred to the natural depravity of the human heart or dismissed as a "groundless cavil."

It is obvious that this kind of criticism was adapted entirely to an age in which the energies of men were withdrawn from matters of speculation to the transaction of public affairs, and in which what was called infidelity was considered—not entirely without justice—as being only another name for political disaffection. Indeed, it must never be forgotten that the shallowness and narrowness of the Christian advocacy of those days was only equalled by the shallowness and narrowness of the counsel on the other side. In the great ferment which followed the French Revolution, theological controversy was constantly degraded into a kind of Old Bailey wrangle. The writers on the one side inferred forgery and priestcraft from any text in the Bible which bore the slightest appearance of inaccuracy, or which, by any possible mode of interpretation, seemed to be opposed to morality. The writers on the other side treated every one who saw a difficulty in the Bible as little better than a profligate blasphemer, and silenced every objection to their own especial set of evidences of Christianity as a "groundless cavil" or an "infidel suggestion."

In some quarters, this bad fashion still survives; and we regret to say that, in many instances, after a temporary lull, it is beginning to show symptoms of revival. Still it may be affirmed, with some confidence, that the immense progress of knowledge of various kinds which has taken place during the last forty years has produced a very different and an improved state of opinion upon the subject. It has long since become obvious to minds entitled to any kind of respect, that the proposition which seems to Mr. Horne the simple statement of an incontrovertible fact is really an assertion of the most complicated kind. To say "that there is a religion called the Christian" is something like saying that "there is such a thing as humanity or philosophy;" and it is as impossible to establish, by a single class of proofs, the truth that men ought to be Christians, as it would be to prove in a similar manner that men ought to be humane. The meaning of the word "Christianity" is so very indefinite that in all probability no two persons would define it in the same manner; and indeed it is not easy to assign any very specific meaning to a term which is intended to denote the aggregate opinions, feelings, and sentiments of vast numbers of persons who have hardly a single opinion, feeling, or sentiment in common. Englishmen, Frenchmen, Russians, Italians, and Abyssinians are all Christians. A member of the Church of England, a Quaker, a Unitarian, the Chinese rebels—all claim the Christian name; and it is therefore impossible to prove or to disprove the truth of Christianity, as you would prove or disprove that a man stole a pocket-handkerchief at a given time and place. One might as well attempt to prove, by judicial process, the proposition that A B is a good man.

The recognition of this and similar truths has a most important bearing on the whole method of biblical criticism. It shows that the principal question relating to the Bible is not whether certain opinions about it are true or false, but what, in point of fact, are its claims and its characteristics—questions which must be answered by a fair application of the ordinary methods of criticism. No reasonable man in the present day would think of maintaining that the Bible is a forgery. The strongest opponents of the common opinions about it would admit that, as a matter of fact, it has exercised, and does still exercise, the strongest possible influence over the human race—that at any rate a great proportion of it was written by the authors usually supposed to have written it—and that the parts of which the authenticity is disputed were written *bonâ fide*, and not forged with sinister objects. On the other hand, those who hold in the strongest form the doctrine of the inspiration of the Bible must feel that it cannot become them to shrink from the conclusions to which a quiet examination of the volume may lead them—that the Bible itself is the best evidence of its own nature and contents—and that the object which they ought to keep in view is rather to ascertain how far their theories square with the fact, than to stigmatize all who reject them as infidels and blasphemers. It is surely more reverent to believe that the Bible stands upon a foundation quite independent of the private opinions of a particular man or set of men, than to believe that its power would at once be destroyed if certain opinions as to its nature and extent were to be shaken. It is the Bible which sustains the opinions, and not the opinions which sustain the Bible; and those who have the strongest sense of this truth will be the most candid, the most fearless, and the most charitable inquirers into the greatest phenomenon that ever engaged the attention of mankind. The Bible is a mine in which thousands of labourers may work, and which will not be exhausted for generations to come. No doubt their exertions will show that many—perhaps all—the opinions which have been framed upon the subject are more or less false and incomplete; but it seems to us that nothing can be more grievously injurious to the best interests of mankind than to declare that no one shall work in the mine unless he is prepared, before he begins, to subscribe a declaration as to the thickness of the vein and the purity of the ore. Surely the question as to what the Bible is, *de facto*, takes precedence of the question as to what we may imagine and infer, on the strength of *à priori* arguments, that it necessarily must be.

REVOLUTION IN THE TWO SICILIES.*

A WORK lately published in Paris gives us an opportunity of rapidly tracing the course of the revolutionary and counter-revolutionary movements which have taken place in Naples and Sicily from 1793 to the present time. Its author, Baron D'Hervey-Saint-Denys, is an absolutist and a fanatic, of the school of Fiequelmont, and the *Univers*, and the *Assemblée Nationale*. He abhors England, abuses Mr. Gladstone's Neapolitan Letters, quotes as an authority M. Jules Gondou, and proves himself in every page to be one of those enemies of the human race who, in the forcible language of the Roman satirist, are "keeping their hearts for the vultures" of the next revolution. His work, however, printed on good paper and in excellent type, gives a connected narrative of events which are generally related in too fragmentary a way. We shall take the liberty of putting our own colouring upon the facts which he lights up by the glare of his political sympathies. In this way he may be made useful—*Fas est et ab hoste doceri*.

* *Histoire de la Révolution dans les Deux-Siciles depuis 1793.* Par Le Baron Léon D'Hervey-Saint-Denys. Paris: Amyot. 1856.

He begins his survey with July, 1793. On the first day of that month, an English frigate ran into the Bay of Naples. It was commanded by the "fils d'un ministre Anglican, qui s'appelait Horatio Nelson." The first care of the commander was to present his despatches to our ambassador, Sir W. Hamilton; and his next, to seek an audience of the King, who presented him to the Queen. The King was Ferdinand IV. (afterwards known as Ferdinand I.), whom our author means to praise when he calls him, truly enough, "the incarnation of the character of his people." The Queen was the infamous Marie Caroline Louise, the sister of Marie Antoinette. It was on this visit to Naples that Nelson first saw Lady Hamilton. Into the negotiations which preceded the peace of Campo-Formio, and the events which occurred after it, up to the 19th of May, 1798, we need not enter. On that day, a treaty was concluded between the Courts of Vienna and Naples. The two Sovereigns, already closely allied by the ties of family, bound themselves by that instrument to assist each other in case of any hostile attempt against either of them—the Emperor engaging to keep 60,000 men always ready in Northern Italy and the Tyrol—the King of Naples engaging to keep 30,000 men in that part of his dominions which lay nearest to Austria, and to send three or four frigates to cruise in the Adriatic. Now commenced a period of uncertainty. Naples was not at war with France, but the anti-revolutionary sympathies of her Court were gradually bringing on a rupture.

This year, Nelson reappeared upon the scene—now no longer a captain, but a vice-admiral. About the time of the signature of the treaty just mentioned, we find him writing to Sir W. Hamilton, to ask how far he may depend on the friendly dispositions of the Neapolitan Court. When, however, on the 16th of June, the approach of the English fleet was telegraphed to Naples from the heights of Ischia, Sir W. Hamilton was still unable to say what course the King was about to take. He hastened, however, to communicate to the English commander all he knew about the French fleet. It had been seen off Trapani, and it was supposed to be before Malta. Nelson continued his voyage towards the south, much chagrined at the lukewarmness of Naples. The fall of Malta struck terror into the Royalist party, and the French envoy, Garat, immediately made the most extraordinary demands. Some of these, including the surrender of the forts of Messina, were refused—one, which related to the liberation of some liberals confined in Neapolitan dungeons, was granted. Nelson, after a short and ineffectual cruise in the inner basin of the Mediterranean, sailed back to Syracuse—had his fleet there provided with necessaries, perhaps by the connivance of the Governor—and started again to fight the battle of the Nile. His reception at Naples, after his great victory, was most enthusiastic. The French had damaged themselves, as usual, by showing that they cared less for liberty than for their own aggrandizement. It is obvious from Garat's letters that he dreaded a revolution in Italy, and only cared to diminish English influence. The Court of Naples now took courage, and before the end of the year, treaties had been concluded with Russia and England; and Mack, known then as a gallant officer, not as an incapable general, was appointed to the command of the Neapolitan army. The attitude of the French in Rome, and of the Roman Republican authorities, hastened hostilities, and Ferdinand ere long had crossed the frontier and established himself on the banks of the Tiber in his own Palazzo Farnese. The French retreated to the northern outskirts of the Campagna, and a contest began on the old historic ground whose battles fill so much of the first decade of Livy. It was not of long duration. Mack's dispositions wholly failed, and by the 11th of December Ferdinand had quitted the Farnese and was back again at Caserta. A council was presently held, and it was agreed to invoke in favour of royalty the passions of the mob, as well in the provinces as at Naples. The first effect of this infernal policy was the murder, by the "defenders of order," of an unhappy Austrian courier, who, having just arrived with despatches from Thugut, was mistaken for a Frenchman. Soon everything was in the hands of a maddened crowd. The King vapoured, and talked of a retreat into Calabria—the Queen wished to resist in the capital. The Ministers and the English Ambassador advised the authorities to make for Sicily—the mob vowed that they should stay in Naples. At last the advice of the Ministers prevailed, and the royal fugitives escaped on board Nelson's fleet in the bay, reaching the harbour by subterranean passages. They made Palermo with some difficulty, for it blew furiously; and one of the young princes died during the passage. In the mean time the French advanced on Rome. The more educated nobles, who were all imbued with liberal opinions, intrigued against Mack. The army became demoralized, and an insurrection which had begun in the Abruzzi spread into the Terra di Lavoro. A hideous rout of fanatics, led by their priests, with altar-cloths for flags, and full of zeal for Church, King, and blood, seized the road to the north. Terrified by such allies, Mack knew not where to turn. To gain time, he concluded an armistice with the French, which neither he nor they could expect would be ratified by their respective Governments. The insurrection of the peasants against the French continued, with frightful atrocities on both sides. An anti-monarchical revolt, which broke out at Naples, and placed the Prince of Moliterno at the head of the Government, only compli-

cated matters. The royalist mob next rose against Moliterno, and he on his part betrayed them to the French. A desperate combat raged in the streets of the city for three days.

At last resistance ceased—partly put down by force, partly by a promise which the French commander gave, that the precious blood of St. Januarius should be respected. The Parthenopean Republic was now proclaimed, and the whole country divided into eleven districts. The French republican calendar was introduced, with a pedantic disregard of the requirements of time and place, amidst a population of frantic fanatics—the most bigoted Catholics in Italy. These and numberless other blunders helped the usual licence and brutality of the French soldiery, and enraged the population of the outlying provinces. Meantime, the Court was at Palermo—the King and Queen anxious, and looking wistfully into the future—Nelson and his officers dancing with Lady Hamilton and the Sicilian beauties on board the English fleet or in the palaces of the Marina. Cardinal Ruffo, a man of ability, who had been Minister of Finance to the Pope—and who, himself a Calabrian, possessed, in addition to considerable powers of organization, a thorough knowledge of his superstitious countrymen—now proposed to the King to land on the Calabrian coast and to raise a second Vendean insurrection. The Queen took his part most warmly. In the end of January, 1799, he had his wish. His own family assisted him. Grey-haired soldiers out of employment, young enthusiasts training for the priesthood, and brigands from the Apennines, flocked to his standard, on which was emblazoned, on one side the arms of royalty, and on the other the cross, with the legend, *In hoc signo vinces*. Preaching in the open air, burning trees of liberty, and expelling the republican authorities, Ruffo advanced upon Naples. Championnet, the French commander, at first treated the matter lightly. As the Cardinal approached, however, he became alarmed, and sent troops to meet the enemy, though without obtaining any great success. Presently he made way for Macdonald, who was himself soon ordered to evacuate Naples and to march towards the North. The Provisional Government of the capital next issued a proclamation announcing that the country was freed from foreign influence. The Royalists were in their turn persecuted; and it was with no little joy that Cardinal Ruffo's sister received from him a note, on which were the words, used as a sort of secret signal in their family, *Malaga e sempre Malaga*, by which he meant to say, "All will soon be well." The Provisional Government sent out troops to oppose his advance. Some of them deserted—some fled; and the wild Calabrians, reinforced by a Turkish and Russian contingent, came nearer and nearer. An accident obliged Cardinal Ruffo to assault the city before he had intended to do so, and his attack was successful. Horrors of all sorts followed. The lazzaroni, under the pretence of defending the holy Catholic faith, equalled or surpassed the atrocities of the Jacobins at Avignon or Clisson. Scarcely had the capitulation been signed which restored to the King the forts of Naples, when Nelson appeared in the bay, and protested against it. We may pass over the circumstances which followed—so disgraceful to that great man and to the wicked Queen. The King's Government was now restored, and a court was constituted to try political offenders—a sort of "Council of Blood," of which our author observes, "Sans doute la restauration fut accompagnée de quelques sévérités."

The events which occurred in Naples between the return of the royal family and their second flight, under English protection, to Sicily, do not fall within the scope of our author's treatise; and, over the English occupation of the island, and the Constitution of 1812, he passes very hurriedly. Sicily, we may remind our readers, had a Constitution which rivalled in antiquity those of Hungary and England. In 1810, the Sicilian Parliament was convoked, and certain patriotic barons protested against a tax which the King had imposed without its sanction. They were arbitrarily imprisoned; and it was not till Lord William Bentinck had threatened to ship, first the King and Queen, and next the Crown Prince, for London, that the Court agreed to listen to reason. The Parliament was remodelled—feudal privileges and heritable jurisdictions were given up—and Sicily, blessed with wise institutions, and enriched by being made the centre of Mediterranean trade, seemed about to enjoy prosperity such as she had never seen. But the difficulties incident to working a new system, the intrigues of the Court, and the violence of the democrats, blighted these fair prospects. The set of the current of trade was altered by the Peace, and English policy was changed. Lord Castlereagh left Sicily to its fate, in spite of the indignant and honourable protest of the Whigs; and in 1816 Ferdinand undid, and more than undid, all the good work of Lord William Bentinck. For four years he misgoverned his dominions in peace. On the 2nd of July, 1820, however, an insurrection broke out in Naples, and was rapidly followed by one at Palermo, which occurred on the festival of St. Rosalia. "Long live the Constitution," was the cry in Naples—"Long live Independence," in Sicily. At Naples, the royal family dissimulated, and a Constitution was granted on the Spanish model. The Crown Prince pretended to put himself at the head of the Liberals, while the King invoked Austrian assistance. The Austrians advanced, the Neapolitan army lost courage, and all was soon in its ancient state. At Palermo, the march of circumstances had been still more rapid. As in 1848 the Hungarian Diet sent troops to put down the Lombards, so in 1820 the Neapolitan Chambers sent troops to put down the Sicilians. England interfered to secure for Sicily the small rem-

nant of privileges left to her in 1816, but without effect. The King reigned on with *Vae victis* for his motto; and his son and successor lived out his brief period of sovereignty undisturbed. No commotions of much importance occurred till the revolution of 1847 broke out. The Constitution of 1812 was demanded, and Ferdinand II., preferring, as usual, to dissemble, yielded to the storm. The events of February, 1848, widened the breach between the Sicilians and their King, and ere long they declared themselves independent. In the meantime, a Constitution had been granted in Naples. A natural distrust had separated the King and the Chambers, and an ill-considered revolt broke out on the 15th of May. It was suppressed by the help of the troops and of the lazzaroni, who committed, in their triumph, every species of excess. The King had now leisure to turn his arms against Sicily. On the 7th of September, 1848, Messina fell, after a gallant resistance. An armistice followed; and it was not till after some months had passed, that Taormina and Catania were taken. On the 15th of May, 1849, Filangieri, Duke of Satriani, entered Palermo, and all resistance ceased. An unimportant rising in Calabria, which had been brought about by some of the deputies of the dissolved Chambers, had been put down the year before. Early in 1849, the King, finding himself strong enough, suspended the Constitution. How he has acted since, all men know too well.

The state of affairs at the present moment may be summed up in a few words. In Naples, all except the basest of the populace and those who dread a revolution as dangerous to their personal safety, abhor the King and his Government; but no party is strong enough to give a definite direction to a rising. The old Constitutionalists, who would keep the present family on the throne, and who would not interfere with the rest of Italy, dread those who wish to see Naples part of a Federal Italian State, like the Germanic body. They, in their turn, dislike those who wish to see all Italy united under the House of Savoy. The Republicans profoundly distrust all the three other sections of the Liberals, although they would be willing, if we may judge from Mazzini's recent letters in the *Italia e Popolo*, to co-operate for a time with the last-named party. In Sicily confusion is made worse confounded by the strong dislike which is cherished by a numerous body of the people for the Neapolitan name. "If the French would take us," said a Sicilian a few years ago, "if the Dutch would take us, if the English would take us, if the Americans would take us—if *anybody* would take us, we should only be too happy to be taken."

THE ENGLISH OF SHAKESPEARE.*

WHEN Rowe, coming after the panegyrics of Jonson and Milton, and the criticisms of Dryden, made the first collection of materials for a life of Shakspeare, he prefaced his modest, but valuable essay, with this remarkable apology:—"Though the works of Shakspeare may seem to many not to want a comment, yet I fancy some little account of the man himself may not be thought improper to go along with them." He was evidently of opinion that the plays did not stand in need of any emendations, and that a brief notice of the poet, picked up from loose traditions, was about as much as the public would care to have concerning "the man himself." Somewhat less than a hundred and fifty years have elapsed since the publication of Rowe's edition. Gradually, at deliberate intervals of from ten to fifteen years, followed the editions by Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, Warburton, Johnson, Steevens, Reed, and Malone, coming down to the end of the century. Had it been permitted to the excellent "Mr. Rowe," to glance prophetically over the field of illustration thus traversed within a hundred years from the date of his primitive researches, we can imagine his amazement; but who can conjecture what his emotions would have been could he have extended his vision to the present day? The worthies we have enumerated may be regarded merely as the early settlers in the new world discovered by Shakspeare. The real work of colonization—ploughing, clearing, embellishing, levelling, draining, and, above all, boring—belongs to our own time. Marvellous as were the infinitesimal labours of Theobald, Steevens, and Malone, they sink into insignificance before the accumulations of Collier, Knight, Halliwell, Singer, and the legions of annotators that have sprung up within the last twenty years. The quiet reverence with which Rowe approaches his subject contrasts strikingly with the easy confidence of some of his successors; and a literary homily might be drawn from a comparison between his simple narrative and those elaborate biographies which, with all their assumption of discoveries, have really added little to its scanty contents. Looking back upon the rout of commentators who have thrown up such volumes of dust, it is no slight praise to say of the last of them, whose book is now before us, that he has struck out a path which none of his predecessors pursued exactly in the same way.

Selecting for experiment the play of *Julius Caesar*, on account of the accuracy of its text, Mr. Craik proposes to annotate it philologically, and, by exhausting the inquiry into the language of this one drama, to lay the foundation for extending the investigation into the rest. The design is not, of course, a novelty.

* *The English of Shakspeare, Illustrated in a Philological Commentary on his Julius Caesar.* By George I. Craik. London: Chapman and Hall.

It has been kept in view, more or less, by previous critics, especially by Nares, whom Mr. Craik does not seem to distinguish, in this respect, from the crowd of general commentators; but Mr. Craik's essay is the first in which the language of a play of Shakspeare's, philologically considered, has been made the object of separate and exclusive examination. Other matters are incidentally touched upon; and under the head of Prolegomena, we have biographical and bibliographical outlines which might have been advantageously omitted, partly because they are superfluous, but chiefly because they are too imperfect to be of any value to readers who require such information. The passages, however, which relate to Shakspeare's versification are valuable and pertinent.

One of the peculiarities of the existing text to which Mr. Craik draws attention, is the frequent occurrence of imperfect lines, similar in structure to the following in *Measure for Measure*:—

Than the soft myrtle: But man, proud man.

Here we have a truncated line of nine syllables—the deficiency occurring, not at the beginning or the end, where it might be reconciled to the rhythm on harmonic principles, but in the middle. Mr. Craik supposes that in all such cases the text must be corrupt. We think so too. The ordinary regularity of Shakspeare's versification prohibits us from regarding instances of this kind as metrical experiments, or even as unconscious aberrations. Mr. Craik says that Coleridge entertained a notion that in these instances the place of the omitted syllable might be adroitly filled up by a pause in the reading. We suspect he is in error. Coleridge's theory of pauses never appeared to us to provide for the omission of an essential accented syllable. The employment of a weak syllable, or of one upon which there is really no accent at all, to fill the tenth place, is frequent in English verse, both blank and rhymed. The large class of words terminating in *ing*, *y*, *ment*, *ness*, &c., and such monosyllabic words as *his*, *her*, *and*, *if*, *in*, &c., come within this description. Mr. Craik notes some peculiarities in Shakspeare's use of these feeble or unaccented syllables which, we believe, have not been observed before:—

It will be found upon an examination of his plays that there are some of them in which it occurs very rarely, or perhaps scarcely at all, and others in which it is abundant. It was certainly a habit of writing which grew upon him after he once gave in to it. Among the plays in which there is little or none of it, are some of those known to be among his earliest; and some that were undoubtedly the product of the latest period of his life are among those that have the most of it.

This is curious and suggestive; and the result to which it leads is important. "In some of the plays," says Mr. Craik, "at least the prosody of many of the verses constructed upon the principle under consideration has been misconceived by every editor, including the most recent." After quoting many lines from *Coriolanus* (a play full of such examples) in which the versification is given correctly on this principle in the first folio edition, and other lines which subsequent editors re-constructed where they found the first folio wrong—clearly showing that they understood the principle—Mr. Craik collects some astonishing instances from the same play, in which the modern editions exhibit manifest and gross misconceptions of the versification. Take the following samples:—

My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius,
And—By deed-achieving honour duly named. (II. 1.)

I have seen the dumb men throng to see him,
And—The blind to hear him speak: matrons flung gloves. (II. 1.)

Pray you, go fit you to the custom;
And—Take to you, as your predecessors have. (II. 2.)

Would think upon you for your voices,
And—Translate his malice towards you into love. (II. 3.)

"In all instances," adds Mr. Craik, "the words which I have separated from those that follow them by a dash belong to the preceding line; and, nearly every time that the first of the two lines is thus put out of joint, the rhythm of both is ruined." It seems incredible that such palpable errors should be perpetuated in a text upon which so much critical revision has been bestowed; but a close examination of the modern editions will show that in this respect the successors of Steevens have made but little advance upon his blunders and empiricism. We shall see what Mr. Dyce will make of this delicate business of versification.

Turning to the philological commentary, which differs in no particular from any other annotations, except that it is limited in its range, and is printed before the play, instead of after it, or in foot-notes—so that the volume must be read backwards like a witch's prayer—we find much interesting and some debatable matter, with a larger sprinkling of absolutely useless and supererogatory explanations than we should have expected from so judicious a critic. Is it necessary to inform the readers of this book, who must be presumed to know something about English, that "What trade art thou?" is equivalent to "What tradesman art thou?" that "a proper man" is "a man as he should be," and a "true man" an "honest man"—that "many a time and oft" may be held to be equivalent to "many and many a time"—and that "from the purpose" means "away from the purpose?" Nor does it seem very important to advertise such explanations as these—that "a civil strife in Heaven" means "a strife in which one part of Heaven wars with another;" that to "pass the streets" (employed by Shakspeare in the sense of passing through the streets) would mean in modern English to "abstain from walking along" the streets—an explanation which, we sub-

mit, it is by no means imperative upon us to accept, since the phrase is elliptical, and may be taken to mean either to "pass through," to "pass along," or to "pass by." Again, was it requisite to tell us that "as his kind" means "like his species"—that "plucked about their ears" means "pulled down about their ears"—or that "swayed from the point" means borne away from the point? But commonplaces and trivialities like these, occupy, we are happy to say, an inconsiderable space in comparison with the excellent, and in many instances recondite, matter with which Mr. Craik illustrates the text of his author. His little treatise—for it fairly lays claim to be regarded as a miniature treatise—on the word "its," may be referred to as an example of the wide range of inquiry comprehended in some of his notes. The passage is too long for extract, but we may make its value apparent by a glance at its contents. The phrase under consideration occurs in Cassius' description of Cæsar, when he was ill of a fever in Spain—

And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his lustre.

Upon this Mr. Craik observes—

There is no personification here. *His* was formerly neuter as well as masculine, or the genitive of *It* as well as of *He*; and *his* lustre, meaning the lustre of the eye, is the same form of expression that we have in the familiar texts—"The fruit-tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself" (Gen. i. 11); "*It* shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise *his* heel" (Gen. iii. 15); "If the salt have lost *his* savour" (Matt. v. 13, and Luke xiv. 34); "If the salt have lost *his* saltiness" (Mark ix. 50); and others. The word *Its* does not occur in the authorized translation of the Bible; its place is always supplied either by *His* or by *Thereof*.

Its occurs frequently in Shakespeare; and there are cases—*ex. gr.*, the *Winter's Tale*, ii. 3, and iii. 2—in which the original text has *it*. These have been changed by the modern editors into *its*, under the supposition that the original was a misprint; but Mr. Craik, who cites several instances of its use, thinks that the text is right, and that the editors are wrong:—

Long before *its* was generally received, we have *it self* commonly printed in two words, evidently under the impression that *it* was a possessive, of the same syntactical force with the pronouns in *my self*, *your self*, *her self*. And even now we do not write *itself*.

Mr. Trench doubts whether Milton has admitted *its* into *Paradise Lost*. Mr. Craik, however, cites two instances (i. 254, and iv. 813); but it is certain that Milton employed it rarely, nor are we aware that he ever employed *it* as a possessive.

Upon the phrase "I am beholden to you," we have an interesting note, of which we can give only the opening:—

The complete disappearance from the modern form of the English language of the verbal prefix *ge* is a remarkable fact, and one which has not attracted the notice which it deserves. This augment may be said to have been the favourite and most distinguishing peculiarity of the language in what is called the Anglo-Saxon period. In the inflection of the verb it was not merely, as in modern German, the sign of the past participle passive, but might be prefixed to any other part; and the words of all kinds which commenced with it, and in which it was not inflexional, amounted to several thousands.

Many centuries have elapsed since the prefix *ge* vanished from our language. It is not found in Chaucer, nor even in Robert le Brunne, who flourished in the thirteenth century. Instead, however, of being dismissed, without having anything substituted in its place, Mr. Craik thinks that it still exists, both in its inflexional and non-inflexional character, under the disguise of *be*—

Many of our words beginning with *be* cannot be otherwise accounted for. Our modern *beloved*, for example, is undoubtedly the Anglo-Saxon *gelyufed*. Another remarkable instance is that of the familiar word *believe* or *believe*. The Anglo-Saxon has no such verb as *belyfan*—its form for our *believe* is *gelyfan* (the same with the modern German *glauben*). Again, to become (at least in the sense of to suit) is the Saxon *gewecman*—there is no *become*. Nor is there any *belang* or *belong*; our modern *belong* is from the Saxon *gelang*.

Hence Mr. Craik concludes that the word *beholden* is a form of the Saxon *gehealden*, the past participle passive of *healden*, to hold—whence its meaning of *held*, *bound*, *obliged*.

In his mode of presenting the text of *Julius Cæsar*, Mr. Craik has numbered the speeches, for the sake of facilitating the references to the passages alluded to in the commentary. We should be sorry to see this practice adopted by other editors. We may readily admit its mechanical advantages in relation to the purpose for which it is here introduced; for the reader can more easily find a particular expression in a speech of some five or ten, or twenty lines, than in an entire scene. But the appearance of these marginal figures is a grievous obstruction to enjoyment, and, by reducing the play, as it were, to its constituent parts, operates upon the imagination very much like the death's-head at the banquet. Of another feature in the text we entirely approve. The apostrophe is everywhere dispensed with in words ending with *ed*, when the vowel is silent. Thus *loved* is printed *loved*, instead of *lov'd*. There is no conceivable reason why words should not always be printed in full, the departure from the ordinary pronunciation alone being distinguished—as *loved*, when both syllables are pronounced. In dismissing the apostrophe, Mr. Craik has followed the example of the *Annotated Edition of the Poets*; and it would have been better if he had also followed it in marking the final syllable when the verse requires it to be sounded. It is curious that, with such accuracy on most points concerning the structure of words and collocation of sentences, Mr. Craik should print the plurals of the letters of the alphabet as if they formed a possessive case—thus, *o's*, *e's*. It is also singular that he should fall into such slipshod inversions as "can

only be explained on the supposition," when he really means "can be explained only on the supposition"—and that he should constantly employ in a wholly wrong sense the phrase "as well as"—using it, according to its vulgar acceptance, as a substitute for "also." Errors, or lapses, of this nature might be passed over in books making no pretensions to literary purity; but they acquire importance when they are committed by a writer on philology.

RIO ON CHRISTIAN ART.*

M. RIO is a veteran in the literature of art, for his first volume was published so far back as 1836. He has also some decided claims on our respect, as having been one of the earliest protesters against the prevailing Naturalism of Art, and as having contributed not a little towards the progress of that reactionary movement of which pre-Raffaellism is the extreme development. In this crusade he was ably abetted by M. de Montalembert, whose lively *Fragments*, written at intervals from 1833 to 1838, appeared in the succeeding year in a collected form, under the expressive title *Du Vandalisme et du Catholicisme dans l'Art*. Both these writers may be thought to have carried their principle too far; but it will scarcely be denied that it was high time, in the then condition of art, for some stand to be made in behalf of its spiritual element against the debased traditions of the academies. And our thanks are certainly due to all those who proved to us that the aim and sentiment of art, especially of Christian art, are of at least equal importance with excellence of technical design or manipulative skill. Our own times have witnessed a very extraordinary revival, which has by no means reached its culminating point; and the general prospects of art, in its various branches, have seldom looked more hopeful. In our own country, architecture—the first of arts in importance as well as in order—has already attained a high pitch of perfection. If the revival of painting among us has been less gradual, less thorough, and less free from extravagance, we may perhaps find a sufficient explanation of the fact in the absence of that watchful and independent criticism, and of that intelligent and educated public, which the activity of our numerous Architectural Societies has provided. Sculpture alone has shown as yet but few symptoms of a satisfactory rehabilitation; and all that has transpired of the management of the Wellington Memorial seems most discouraging to the hope that English artists will derive much benefit from this misused opportunity.

M. Rio's former volume, though it appeared under the imposing title, *De la Poésie Chrétienne, dans son principe, dans sa matière, et dans ses formes*, was merely a sketch of the early history of one particular form of art—viz., painting. This title is wholly dropped in the volume before us; and we conclude that our author has wisely abandoned his original intention of making his work co-extensive with the whole range of Christian Poesy. In this change of plan he has been undoubtedly well-advised; for the term *Poesy* is wide enough, we imagine, to include every possible form under which the imaginative faculties can be exercised. Few men are competent to discuss such a subject as a whole; and Aristotle himself, though his definition comprehends many other forms of art, confines himself in his *De Poetica* to the single branch of metrical composition. M. Rio has neither sufficient breadth of view nor soundness of judgment to qualify him for the more ambitious task; but, in his own department, his painstaking enthusiasm makes him a pleasant and generally trustworthy guide in illustrating the succession and the leading characteristics of the schools of painting of North Italy. We have reason to complain, indeed, that the lapse of twenty years does not seem to have widened his sympathies or his experience. He is just where he was in 1836; and in art, as in morals, not to advance is to fall behind. There has been much to learn in the last quarter of a century; and a critic in these days may thoroughly love and appreciate the mystic inspirations of the Umbrian painters, or of Fra Angelico, without being insensible to the different merits of the more Naturalistic schools. Again, to imply or to assume that pure Christian design cannot flourish, save in connexion with an ultramontane form of Roman Catholicism, argues something very like a wilful blindness as to the present condition and prospects of art in England and in Germany. Guarding ourselves, therefore, from being supposed to share M. Rio's somewhat narrow prejudices, we may proceed to give our readers some account of the contents of his present volume.

The first chapter discusses the school of Milan both before and after the time of Leonardo da Vinci; and the life of that extraordinary artist is given in much detail, and with frequent references to documentary authorities. The biography of so great a man cannot fail to be of surpassing interest, let it be treated how it may. We confess, however, that we miss in M. Rio's narrative the liveliness and piquancy of Vasari, and are surprised that the discovery of more new facts has not rewarded his industry. No one who is at all acquainted with the style of Leonardo would expect to find him classed among anti-naturalistic painters. Yet M. Rio, not without great inconsistency, is anxious to claim him for that school. He tries accordingly to dispose of the facts that Leonardo painted more than once the subject of *Leda*, and

* *De l'Art Chrétien*. Par A. F. Rio. Tome Deuxième. Paris: Ambroise Bray.

that he made portraits of Cecilia Gallerani, by asserting that these tasks were imposed upon him, against his will, by his licentious patron, Ludovico Sforza. Of such compulsion, however, there seems to be no historical evidence; and Leonardo was the last man in the world to be charged with a lack of honest independence. The truth is, that this great artist treated such subjects—when he painted them at all—with such dignity and propriety that he needs no apology for choosing them. It is not the nude that is to be proscribed in art, but the unworthy treatment of the nude. Francesco Francia himself painted a "Judgment of Paris;" and none even of our modern purists have yet ventured to exclaim against his St. Sebastian in our National Gallery. It is unphilosophical in the extreme to imagine that Christian art can go back to the early days of pure feeling and bad drawing, or that it can ignore the technical developments of Raffaele and Michael Angelo. The high art of our days ought to have as its own every merit of the naturalists, while it avoids all their faults.

The famous Cena of Leonardo ought, by rights, to have presented a serious difficulty to M. Rio's narrow theory of art. It is a thoroughly naturalistic picture, representing an actual scene in an historical manner, and entirely disregarding the mystical or esoteric aspect of that memorable Last Supper. This, too, was obviously the right treatment for the particular situation in which it was painted—the refectory of Sta Maria delle Grazie. Nor can any one doubt that it is this very naturalistic character which has made this great picture so universal a favourite among many religionists who would have no kind of sympathy with that mystical treatment of the same event with which Overbeck has familiarized us. Did we not know to what lengths men are driven in support of a theory, we should have thought it incredible that any one would have claimed for this picture (as M. Rio does, p. 114), a sort of prophetic instinct as being a timely protest against low views of the sacrament. Most thoughtful men will arrive, we believe, at a directly opposite conclusion. It was the thorough naturalism of the Cena which attracted Goethe's special admiration; and the arguments which M. Rio opposes to the dictum of that high authority seem to us unusually feeble and inconclusive. Our author's inconsistency is the more remarkable, because in more than one place he is compelled to avow that "with all his genius, Leonardo could never attain to the ascetic ideal realized by Christian painting," (pp. 148, 163). In M. Rio's general conclusion, however, we can heartily agree. We entirely concur with him in recognising the high-toned purity and refinement of feeling of the Milanese artists, and in granting that the followers of Leonardo held out more manfully than the disciples of the Roman school against the debasements of the later Renaissance.

The remarkable musical attainments of Leonardo da Vinci—in which respect he may be compared to our own Gainsborough—are duly chronicled by his new biographer, who rather fancifully connects with them the marked improvements in *chiavoscuro*, "the musical element of painting," which are credited to the Milanese master. He is more happy, perhaps, in tracing to Leonardo's original devotion to sculpture, as the pupil of Verrocchio, the "statuesque" character of his *ordonnance* and method of design in the sister art of painting, with which his name is more commonly associated. This view, though nowhere so carefully worked out as it deserved to be, is alluded to in several places in the memoir.

The accredited works of Da Vinci himself are not very common. The picture in our National Gallery, long attributed to him, is now generally ascribed to Luini, his pupil; and the famous "St. Anne," in the Louvre, is supposed, by Dr. Waagen and others, to be only a copy of an original at Munich by another pupil, Salaino. There are some fine specimens, however, buried in the private galleries in England, with which we hope to make acquaintance in the approaching Exhibition of Art-Treasures. It will be a disappointment to many, if the three "Holy Families" by Leonardo, in the possession of Lord Northwick, Mr. Bromley of Wootton, and Lord Ashburton respectively, are not reunited at Manchester for comparison and study. As to the rival claims of Lord Suffolk's "Vierge aux Rochers," and that in the Louvre, M. Rio decides in favour of the latter. But this verdict, in the absence of stronger reasons than any which he has given, may perhaps be attributed to feelings of patriotism. M. Rio has been for many years, we believe, a resident in England; but his nationality is still so strong that in one place (p. 131) he seems disposed to reckon Van Eyck and Memmling as compatriots, by virtue of their belonging to "the France of Charlemagne—that is to say, the country between the Rhine and the three seas." And he loses no opportunity of extenuating the atrocities committed by the French soldiery in the Italian wars of the first half of the sixteenth century, while no language is strong enough for his abhorrence of the outrages of the German and (as he takes care to add) Lutheran mercenaries of Charles V. We doubt whether there is any historical evidence of such a distinction. The most cruel of all, according to Sismondi, were the orthodox Spaniards, or even the Italians themselves, when they happened to have the upper hand.

The school of Milan after Leonardo, and the schools of Lodi, Bergamo, Cremona, and Ferrara, form the subjects of the remaining chapters of the present volume. It is surely too minute a classification to dignify with the name of a school the studio of a single artist and his pupils; and M. Rio himself feels

the necessity of making some apology for so doing in the case of Bergamo. For our own part, we infinitely prefer a series of separate biographies to the modern plan of grouping all artists into schools, as though they could be scientifically divided, like a kingdom of natural history. Such classifications are useful enough for purposes of comparison, but must not be taken as absolutely trustworthy. Doubtless, every ordinary artist derived his original manner from his immediate master; but it is absurd to assume as a universal rule that any body of men, and of artists especially, will uniformly retain the impress of the particular school in which they first studied. A thousand influences—social, moral, and physical—act upon a man's mind and character; and the final result must frequently contradict all expectation. The most elaborate classification of schools and artists of this sort which we have ever seen is to be found in the *Christian Art* of a very accomplished English author, the present Lord Lindsay. But the compilation is far more ingenious than convincing. It is not possible to map out the historical successions and logical relations of all known schools of painting; in the same perspicuous way as the schoolboy depicts the ramification of every tense of the verb from its root, in the grammatical exercise familiarly called a "Greek Tree."

Accepting, however, under protest, M. Rio's division by schools, we may mention that he especially commends Borgognone, who spent so much of his life in the Certosa of Pavia, as the most legitimate inheritor of the best traditions of Leonardo. He gives sketches also of Melzi, Salaino, Oggione, Luini, and Beltraccio; to the last of whom we doubt, when we remember his fine picture in the Louvre, whether sufficient praise has been given. In the history of Cesare da Sesto, we have the rare instance of an artist returning, after once leaving them, to the more pure and severe traditions of his first manner. In the chapter about Bergamo, our interest wholly leaves the painter, Lorenzo Lotto, and attaches itself to his patron—the chivalrous Bartolomeo Coleone, that best and greatest of *condottieri*, whose equestrian statue by Verrocchio, in the piazza of SS. Giovanni e Paolo, is so familiar to the traveller in Venice. This hero affords to M. Rio one of the few occasions on which he rises above the general level of his style. There is some eloquence also in his account of the extraordinary vicissitudes of the lives of the Pallavicini, and again in his denunciation of the infamous Este family of Ferrara. But, generally speaking, it is difficult to imagine how subjects so fascinating in their interest as the lives of painters in those stirring times, can have been treated in so unimpassioned a manner.

Moretto, of Brescia, and Martino Piazza, of Lodi, are admitted by M. Rio into the highest rank of Christian painters, though their names are not widely known. He does not succeed in investing the school of Cremona with any special interest; and we are somewhat disappointed with his account of that of Ferrara. The brothers Cotignola, who were pupils of Francia, and whom Lanzi accordingly numbers among the Bolognese school, are reckoned by M. Rio among the Ferrarese followers of Lorenzo Costa. We learn, for the first time, from his pages, that Mr. Bromley's curious collection in Staffordshire possesses a specimen of one of these rare artists. With the life of Garofalo—a very touching one, and very feelingly told—M. Rio's eighteenth chapter and second volume somewhat abruptly conclude. We may express a hope that before long we may meet him in a further continuation of his work; for, at his present rate of progress, we have still less hope of seeing the completion of this treatise than we have of arriving at the end of Mr. Macaulay's History.

AN AMERICAN JOURNALIST'S SPORTING TOUR.*

OUR cousins beyond the western ocean have doubtless inherited, among the home-stock of Anglo-Saxon proverbs, the saying that "good wine needs no bush." It is one of which we are reminded by the preface to the volumes now before us, in which the writer hawks, with somewhat offensive prominence, two letters complimentary to his work—one signed "Washington Irving," and another bearing the name of "Edward Everett," whose words are fewer, and whose praise is more faint. We do not dispute the genuineness of these documents—we only object, on a literary principle, to this form of the puff introductory. If a book is worthy of such commendation, then such commendation is unworthy of it. There is, to the vast audience-chamber of the public mind, no ante-room in which these ambassadors of American literature need receive and *visé* an author's sheets with their *imprimatur*. Let him come in shooting-jacket and jack-boots, as he appears in his own frontispiece, "trying his luck," and we will test him on his own merits.

The book before us is the rambling fishing tour of a man from the Northern States, who sets off to prowl in quest of salmon and scenery throughout the Union, and some parts of Canada, making notes as he goes, from which he works up at his leisure articles for home consumption in the columns of the various journals which feed the public mind in New England. The quality of the book would lead one to conjecture that its origin was ephemeral, though, from its republication in a completed form, the author seems to aspire after a further stage of literary existence. It is, on the whole, not unworthy of this after-life in boards, though the largely

* *Adventures in the Wilds of the United States and British American Provinces.* By Charles Sanman. Philadelphia.

diluted style of "Our own Correspondent" would certainly bear condensation. It appears to have been, as the author states in the preface with which we have just been quarrelling, written "from impulse;" but it is now summed up and sent out in as cold blood as ever ran in a critic's veins. "It is not manly," he further pleads, "always to condemn the follies of youth." This, of course, is true where the follies are another's; but, as there are some in this world who endure with great equanimity their neighbour's misfortunes, so there are those who are tenderly merciful towards their own peccadilloes. Our author is one of these. He first sows his wild oats, then reaps them, and hands about the sample with friendly freedom, "in the hope of securing the approbation of those only whose hearts beat in sympathy with his own." We give a single extract as a specimen of the cheap decoration which maturer reflection ought to have led him to retrench. He is in the interior of a Roman Catholic Cathedral in St. Louis—merely, however, as a spectator. "In the centre of the mystic throne hangs the lonely lamp, which seemed to be endowed with a thinking principle." How clear is the suggestion of the wondrous luminary of Aladdin! He knows the organ is there, because the light glimmers on its pipes. He heaves a sigh and hears its echo, and "the distant hum of life alone convinces him that he is in a world of trouble and strife:—

But softly! A footstep now breaks the silence. A priest, in a ghostlike robe, is passing from one chancel door to another. Another footstep! And lo! a woman, clothed in black, with her face completely hidden in a veil, passes up an aisle, and falls upon her knees in prayer. She has come here to find consolation in her widowhood. And now, slowly tottering along, comes a white-haired man, and he, too, falls into the attitude of prayer. With the pleasures of this world he is fully satisfied; and his thoughts are now taken up with that strange pilgrimage whence travellers never return, and upon which he feels he soon must enter.

Other life-sick mortals have also entered the sanctuary, &c.

But here we pause, merely asking, why must a man be "life-sick," in order to go to church and pray? Is it not enough that he is "mortal"? Of course there is a large class of readers who will say "How pretty!" and who probably have said it, as they turned the columns of the *National Intelligencer*. The author has gratified them, and may rest content. Even then, the thing was merely the string of farthing candles which illuminates a raree-show. Now it is more like the odour of the reeking wicks when the light has been blown out. The descriptive parts of the work labour somewhat with this redundancy of reflective sentiment, though it is but just to own that such passages become rarer as the author goes on; and as the matter of the book appeared piecemeal in the journals during a period of ten years, he had no doubt time to prune down his early luxuriance. On the whole, the work, with this exception, runs at an average level throughout. What might have been bold writing, animated and picturesque, tones down to a sort of lively, babbling mediocrity; and what might have been dull and tedious is worked up, as Correspondents know how, towards something like the same level. The drift work of the writer's mind pours down upon us now and then a striking fact or vigorous thought—then succeed purple patches of epithet, cumbrous imagery, muddy sentences, carrying here a flower, and there a weed. Yet he can admire from his heart; and that is, after all, the source of descriptive power, though, in his striving after effect, he occasionally exhibits the strangest contortions. Here is a specimen, taken quite at hap-hazard, as we turn the pages of volume 1. He is describing his "recollections of Michigan:—

Foremost is the tall and sinewy person of Bannac. [And here "Bannac" is described by the catalogue of his accoutrements.] Next to him trotheth the deponent, who might be looked upon as a miniature Bannac with variations. . . . All around us is a multitudinous army of forest soldiers, from the youthful maple or ash, to the rugged and storm-scathed oak or bass-wood; and marvellously beautiful to my mind is the tracery of their numberless branches against the blue sky, though my friend would probably liken those very tree tops to the head of some loafer that had never made use of a comb. . . . Now we perceive a beautiful elm lodged in the giant branches of an old walnut, like a child seeking consolation in the arms of its father; and now we come to a deformed beech-tree prostrate upon the earth, with its uncouth roots wasting to decay, and the idea enters my mind that such will eventually be the destiny of all falsehood.

Verily, here we have Jacques in his "most meditative" humour at a penny a line.

We now turn to the more agreeable task of giving some better specimens, and pointing out others which are too long to quote. The persons in the following little scene of humour are a ferryman and a gallant major, who, from his powerful build and adventurous life, "perfectly understands the art of fighting, though he is so much of a gentleman that he could not be a bully." The former begins, looking inquiringly into the major's face:—

"Stranger, isn't your name Major Campton?"

"Yes, Sir, it is. What business have you to transact with me?"

"You are the very man I have long been wanting to see, for you must know that I am the bully of the North."

"Indeed! What do I care for that?"

"I've heard tell that you are a famous fighter, and I should like to have you give me a thrashing, if you can."

"Why, man, I have nothing against you, and do not want to make a fool of myself."

"But you shall, though, my honey; and you don't cross this ferry until it is decided who is cock of the walk."

Remonstrance on the part of the major was all in vain; the ferryman was determined to fight. The major held a short consultation with his wife, who was, of course, in great trouble; but taking off his coat, and unbuttoning his straps, he stepped out upon a grassy spot, and waited for the ferryman's attack. To shorten a long story, the fight was a tedious one, and ended in the total

defeat of the challenger, who presented in himself, after the struggle, an admirable picture of border heroism. He had strength enough left, however, to ferry the champion over the river; and when the major offered to pay the accustomed fare, the latter held out his hand, but making a rude bow, he exclaimed, "Not a dime, Sir; good afternoon."

Many good sketches of character are thus made to enliven the author's descriptions of scenery. The offer of a cigar, or a request for a night's lodging, is often sufficient basis for intimacy in the Far West—so sparsely scattered with inhabitants is the wide margin which, at a few days' journey from the densest hives of commerce, spreads between retiring savage and advancing civilized life. But here again, we are sorry to say, our author cannot do without "diadems of clouds" for his mountains, and he must needs hail a big eagle sailing away among them as the "glorious symbol of his country's freedom." Perhaps it was a good thing for the "glorious symbol" that he was not within shot of the ardent patriot below.

Among the many points of interest to which we are cursorily drawn, is the now desolate city of Nauvoo, standing in a boundless wilderness on the banks of the Mississippi. Capable of containing a hundred thousand souls, and having lately held five-and-twenty thousand, it now has a population of not above five hundred. An old disciple of the Mormon persuasion was the cicerone to our author as he viewed the scene, and his plaintive tale has been let alone in its native pathos, without any tinsel reflections. We look at random for specimen passages, and fresh bits of nature, both in scenery and men, and seldom come away disappointed. Here is a beautiful character portrayed in the pleasing simplicity of its own good actions:—

Among the pleasant objects which attracted my attention while descending the Miramichi, were the pretty churches, which occasionally loomed above the trees. Of these, five attracted my particular attention by their tasteful gothic beauty; and on making inquiries about them, I learned the following facts. They are scattered over a space of fifty or sixty miles, and were built by one person, who, besides having accomplished this truly remarkable undertaking, is in the habit of supplying all his pulpits in person. Not only did he raise and expend the money for his churches, but they were built after his own designs, whereby he has proven himself quite an accomplished architect. He is an Episcopalian of the higher order, a native of Dublin, about forty years of age, and a bachelor. While superintending the erection of his churches, he usually occupied a room in the immediate vicinity of each, where he slept between his own sheets and on his own iron bedstead, to avoid the insect assassins of the country, and cooked his own victuals. All his thoughts have been, and still are, directed to the interests of mother Church, and the only money he has recently expended for an entirely selfish purpose was invested in five iron bedsteads, which are the sleeping attachments of his several churches.

We open elsewhere on a chapter headed "A Virginia Barbecue." This last word "is said to be derived from a combination of French words signifying from the head to the tail, or rather, according to the modern, the whole figure, or the whole hog." The epicure in Pope's satire wishes for "a whole hog barbecued," and we suppose that a porker dressed and dished whole was in that day the last fashionable extravagance. It is singular to light on a phrase which illustrates the most correct of English poets by a bit of modern slang; and the coincidence is the more exact as "the entertainment is thought," as our author states, "to have originated in the West India islands," and to be "a pleasant invention of the Old Dominion," i.e.—the dominion of Great Britain. The barbecue is a rural festival, where master and slave still revel under open air on the "entire animal," and it is pleasingly sketched in the chapter referred to.

We are happy, in conclusion, to give a far less qualified approbation to the latter portion of the work. This consists of fishing anecdotes of every kind, full apparently of practical hints derived from real encounters with divers monsters of the deep, and proportionably free from the scum of sentiment which our author's style, as we have seen, is apt to throw up. It is agreeably interspersed with legends of many Indian tribes, though these are so sauced with civilized reflections that their wild-game flavour is lost, and their genuineness impaired. It is a pity he cannot leave a good tale in its savage simplicity, without exalting it to the melodramatic condition fit for a minor theatre. We wish, however, to call attention to one of these legends, called "The Overflowing Waters," which is the Choctaw tradition of the Deluge. If it be genuine, and will bear investigation, it should be added to the traces which that universal catastrophe appears to have left among all races of men, from the Pelagian of the Old World to the red man of the New. The version now before us is striking, as coming nearer in its features to those of the scriptural record than any other, though not so closely resembling them as to excite suspicion of its trustworthiness. We commend the point to our biblical antiquaries. Let us say a word, in parting, on the illustrations added to this work. Though varying in merit, they are poor specimens of wood engraving, and we should be sorry to think that they fairly represent that popular branch of art in the western World.

EDITH FRANKHEART.*

THE author of *Edith Frankheart* may be regarded as a type of a large class of writers, who are peculiarly deserving of being dealt with by the critical tribunals with the utmost rigour of the law. Whenever we have to undergo the infliction of reading such a novel as the one before us, we are struck with wonder

* *Edith Frankheart; or, the Baronet's Daughter.* By Captain Curling, author of "Nonpareil House," &c., &c. London: Saunders and Otley, 1857.

as to where the writers can have been—to use Topsy's expressive phrase—"grewed." Where is the source, we ask ourselves, whence they derive their ideas? How have they managed, out of the materials which lie around them, to construct a world so totally different from that in which we live, and from any we have ever heard of? With what special revelation have they been favoured? How have they contrived to create a set of characters which, as far as our observation goes, bear no likeness to anything on the earth, and yet which seem to have no affinity to any other state of existence?

But we will let Captain Curling speak for himself. We will place his case before our readers, as far as we can, in his own words. From the many scenes which he has drawn of high life, we may first mention his allusion to the customs which prevail in a ducal mansion when either His Grace or Her Magnificence falls a prey to some of the various ills which flesh is heir to. On such occasions, it is not enough, it seems, that straw half fills one side of the square, or that the knocker is tied up. Even "the huge porter gives his answer with bated breath—tall footmen stand enranked in the hall, to attend to constant inquiries and visitors calling"—and a "great medicine," instead of a physician, is called in to attend Her Grace. In connexion with the Duchess's illness, we cannot refrain from quoting an answer made by the Duke to a question put to him by the "great medicine," which gives us a curious insight into ducal ideas respecting Providence. The heir of the house, the young Marquis of Colchester, has been stolen from his parents in his earliest childhood; and, talking of the chances of recovering him, the "great medicine" says—

"You mentioned to me a personal mark, not easily to be mistaken, and which the Duchess would know in a moment."

"I did," the Duke replies. "A remarkable—I may say, in this case, a most remarkable occurrence. The boy was born with a large mole upon the right shoulder,—I may say indeed—quite a distinctive mark—as if placed there by Providence, in case he should be stolen."

Our readers will note that the elegance of the Duke's language keeps pace with the justice and clearness of his ideas, and that both are unique.

For the benefit of those who have not, in Captain Curling's words, "the pleasure of intimacy with those who belong to the charmed circle of the *haut ton*," the author states that when dukes and duchesses dine *en famille*, "the dinner is like all quiet dinners in a great mansion; his Grace chats in an easy, good-tempered manner, and the young ladies are kept in constant employment, merely bowing negatives to the dishes handed round." We trust our readers will pause over this last clause of the sentence, that they may fully take in all that it suggests. "The very privacy" of such meals is, however, it appears, "only a state privacy, for liveried attendance is numerous, and the atmosphere is charged with the odours of pines and melons, and hot-house plants." But after having thus, by Captain Curling's aid, pictured to ourselves the ducal party, we must own that it rather jars upon our feelings to be told in the next sentence, that "during dinner the gardener's barrow passed before the window." Surely Captain Curling was mistaken here; or at any rate, if such an ignoble machine did approach so near the sacred precincts, the author ought to have spoken of "a barrow guided by one of the Duke's numerous gardeners." We have now seen a duke at dinner—Captain Curling is further so obliging as to favour us with a sight of him and his duchess at breakfast. But we have no occasion to detail the scene, since it seems that every one who has beheld that "wonderful representation of a lordly interior in Hogarth's 'Marriage à la Mode,'" may at once imagine it. The author, however, omits to inform us whether we are to bring to our remembrance all that Hogarth drew—the tray of chocolate and its contents sent flying on the ground, &c., and all the other accessories of the picture. The mention of accessories reminds us, however, that we omitted a very important feature in the description of the ducal dinner—namely, that the Duke was in the habit of keeping a private band at his country seat, which, as far as we can gather, seems to have been always playing, in season and out of season. Even still less remarkable details of "high life" are conscientiously noted by our author. Thus, one evening, when the Duchess, in a state of painful anxiety, is waiting an expected arrival, and her eyes every moment turn to the time-piece, Captain Curling is careful to make us observe that the French clock on which she fixed her gaze was a "costly one." On another occasion, when the Duke was watching with anxiety the return of the physician from her Grace's sick-room, the Captain informs us that "he bore the suspense with the most exemplary fortitude, with the assistance of a very exquisitely-made cup of coffee."

We were not aware, until we learned the fact from Captain Curling, that the daughters of duchesses are always in the habit of addressing their mothers by the title of "Madam;" and he has quite overthrown all our notions of the strictness with which we had imagined they were watched and warded before marriage, by letting us into many little matters connected with Lady Rosa Mowbray's conduct which certainly do not harmonize with our preconceived notions of propriety. We have often felt curious—most men, we suspect, are—to know how young ladies write to each other; but after having read Lady Rosa's epistle to her friend Sophia Dashwood, we confess that we have lost all desire to become further acquainted with female corre-

spondence. However, it may be that Captain Curling has given us an unfortunate example; and we are the more inclined to think so, from the following specimen of a love-letter written by the hero of the story:—

Will the gentlest and most exquisite of her sex pardon me for disobeying her injunctions, and thus writing? The import of my communication must be its excuse. My regiment is under immediate orders for India; I have consequently but one day to stay in London. Will the Lady Rosa Mowbray be on horseback in Hyde Park to-morrow afternoon? If so, I may find an opportunity of speaking, perhaps for the last time, to her whose image will never be effaced from the heart of Ferdinand Frankheart.

We fancy we have seen letters of this description quoted in cases of breaches of promise, but certainly we never thought that people of sense, such as Ferdinand Frankheart's is supposed to be, could write in such a style.

Whether the specimens we have selected from Captain Curling's novel of the sayings and doings of the *haut ton* be at all in consonance with the reality, we will now leave to our readers to decide. Taking for granted that the author has no idea whatever of what goes on within the circles where he professes to be so perfectly at home, we turn to his descriptions of other grades of society, of which it is but natural to suppose he has a more familiar knowledge. But, strange to say, he is here equally at fault. It is evidently as impossible for him to conceive the character of a vulgar *parvenu* as that of a person of "rank and fashion." Indeed, throughout his novel there is not one of his personages, various as are the positions he assigns to them, that bears the slightest trace of having been drawn from the life. As to the plot of the story, we will not weary our readers by giving them a sketch of it—suffice it to say, that it is made up of incidents as improbable and impossible as are the actors he has invented to take part in them.

We often wonder where the writers of such books as *Edith Frankheart* find their readers. Even the very milliners' apprentices, and footmen, for whom they seem more especially adapted, must, we imagine, turn from them with a smile of supercilious disdain; and yet we have no doubt that, if we were to make inquiries at the circulating libraries to-morrow, we should find that persons apparently belonging to classes far above those we have mentioned have ordered this tale to be sent home for their perusal. As long as this is the case—as long as people can be found senseless and tasteless enough to spend their time devouring such trash—the market will, of course, be abundantly stocked. The public have the remedy in their own hands—let them see to it. Let us add that, in speaking of this trashy production, we have only dealt with faults which are patent to all, and which lie on the very surface of the book. The graver errors of tone, sentiment, and thought, we have no inclination to touch upon; but the falsity, and consequent immorality, of the work may be easily inferred even from the very few quotations which we have made when commenting upon the author's style.

HERE AND THERE IN PORTUGAL.*

WE take some credit to ourselves for having discovered that this volume—the result of personal observations made during a short visit to Portugal—is much better than it seems; for Mr. Owen has apparently been at great pains to conceal any merits which it may possess. Although he has offered a really valuable contribution to the English traveller's library, he has done his utmost to disguise the utility of his book by elaborate ornamentation and fine writing. No doubt he is not the only author who has a weakness for rhetorical flourish; but when the substance of a work is good, it is provoking to see it overlaid with bombast. Mr. Owen tells us, in his preface, that his pen is an "unpractised" one; but we doubt whether any amount of practice would improve it. Had his authorship been other than accidental—had he travelled in order to write, instead of writing because he had travelled—he would have produced something simply intolerable. Fortunately, however, for himself and his readers, he is not a professed traveller. He went to Portugal because he was ill, and he writes a book on the country because he has something worth saying. We must do him the justice to add that there is nothing disagreeable about his affectation, which is, indeed, harmless enough. His grandiloquence is the result of simplicity rather than of ostentation, and there is an amusing artlessness about his loftiest flights and his most swelling periods. He has no desire of showing off—he merely wishes to put his facts and information into a book; and if he soars too often into the sublime, and indulges in mild jokes the *à propos* of which is not always apparent, and italicises superfluously, and enlivens his descriptions of Portuguese life by eternally telling us what the Irishman said, it is because he thinks it is the right sort of thing.

It was on recovery from a severe illness that Mr. Owen was advised by his physicians to visit Portugal; and his "heart throbbed at the prospect of realizing the yearnings of forty years." Of course he does not miss the opportunity of depicting, in glowing colours, life in a sick-room, the sufferings of the impatient patient (the pun is the author's), and the gradual progress of convalescence. As a specimen of his exuberant style, we may transcribe the passage in which he tells us how he was

* *Here and There in Portugal. Notes of the Present and the Past.* By Hugh Owen. With Illustrations after Photographs. London: Bell and Daldy. 1856.

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taken ill in autumn—how he got worse at the beginning of winter—and how he recovered towards spring:—"The earth was gay with autumn flowers when the first chilling influence of indisposition fell upon me like a mist—the heavy hand of winter, though lifted with stern menace, was still sparing their beauty, when the change of season became indifferent to me—and spring had half unfolded her green banner, ere, awaking, as it were, from a long and dreamy sleep, I was again permitted to see the face of nature." We need scarcely add that this allusion to spring irresistibly suggests to Mr. Owen certain moral reflections, the soundness of which is best proved by the fact that they have already received the sanction of some hundreds of poets, preachers, and essayists.

Although Mr. Owen's visit to the Peninsula seems to have been attended by the desired result, he does not by any means give us so favourable a report of the Portuguese climate as his own experience would appear to warrant. The following remarks on this subject may be useful to intending visitors:—

In choosing a place of residence, some care must be observed, as a house having the principal rooms with a north aspect is perfect misery; for, although during the winter months the sun shines more brightly, and is quite as warm as June in England, it is only those who are exposed to its direct influence who feel its effects; in the shade the air is intensely cold. This sudden transition from heat to cold is exceedingly perilous to strangers, who, not understanding the reason why the Portuguese, during weather apparently bright to a stranger, wear such heavy clothing, take no similar precautions, and suffer severely. It was my own case on my arrival in the country, and I witnessed several instances of persons who were similarly punished by severe colds. The difference in temperature between sun and shade is even more severe in the early part of the spring than during the winter; and at that period of the year it requires a great-coat or a cotton jacket, according to the side of the street you choose—the sunny or the shaded. The spring costume of young gentlemen who aspired to the reputation of being rather fast, was, when I was in the country, a great-coat, with a handkerchief over the mouth, heavy enough for a Russian winter. It is really necessary, on leaving home during this season, to consider if your return will be before sunset, particularly if your excursion is by water, as the air becomes dangerously cold so soon as the sun's influence is withdrawn. It is not a country for invalids.

It is the lazy practice of too many literary tourists to fling their diary, or their correspondence, *en masse* before the public, without troubling themselves to make any other than a chronological arrangement of their experiences—thus leaving the unhappy reader to wade through a heap of details which are common to the journals of all travellers, and which have no interest except to the author himself, or to some anxious and attached female relative. Mr. Owen deserves some credit, therefore, for having taken the pains to condense and classify his remarks on each subject under a separate heading, instead of merely stringing them together in the order of time. He does not even indicate his line of route; and though this omission leaves a sort of haze in the mind, the plan he has adopted is, on the whole, the most agreeable for the reader, as it effaces in a great measure the personality of the author, which, in the diary form, is sometimes painfully obtrusive. It is unquestionably the safest for the writer, as, in chronological narrative, it is more difficult to estimate the relative value of facts, and to avoid giving a false perspective to details. We are the better enabled to appreciate Mr. Owen's forbearance in this matter, as, in his introductory chapters, he has actually given us a specimen of his journal, from which we can judge what we have escaped. He conscientiously reproduces all the minutiae of a sea-voyage—he gravely tells his readers how he was afraid of catching cold as he was waiting on the shore at Southampton—how he suspected a boatman of overcharging him, but was at last satisfied it was all right—how a squalling child was carried on board the steamer by a "rough-looking sailor"—and how his "fellow-passengers were sufficiently contrasted to interest a cosmopolite." When, however, we blame Mr. Owen for affectation and prosy prolixity, it is perhaps only due to him to observe that, though he has prefixed a motto to each chapter, he is, for a traveller in the Peninsula, wonderfully sparing of quotations from the First Canto of *Childe Harold*. It is a pity he has not displayed equal discretion in abstaining from overloading his little volume with "laughable incidents" and "adventures of long ago." A chapter on the botany of Portugal is enlivened by an anecdote of a roguish gardener at Brompton; and when the author, on his departure from the Peninsula, is standing, late at night, alone on the deck, contemplating the "heaving, changeful, sobbing sea—dark, tombless resting-place of myriads—the young, the brave, the free, the beautiful"—he is irresistibly reminded of a fright he once got in a midnight visit to a church.

As a guide to the English tourist in Portugal, Mr. Owen's book appears likely to be specially useful, as he carefully tells the traveller what to eat, drink, and avoid, expounds the canons of Portuguese etiquette, and lays down what he would call "golden rules" to regulate the visitor's transactions with money-changers. The work will likewise be found to possess many points of interest for the general reader. Its author is a traveller, in the best sense of the word. He is not a slave to Murray. He evidently does not care about "doing" any particular church, or mountain, or museum; but he does care about making himself thoroughly acquainted with the country and its people. He seems to have lost no opportunity of studying the character and manners of all classes during his short visit, and his criticisms are made in a genial and kindly spirit. He has an eye also for architectural detail, and is indefatigable in botanical research. The latter pursuit, indeed, appears to be Mr. Owen's speciality. He carefully notes the peculiar

products of every district through which he passes, and one of the best chapters of his volume—headed, with characteristic absurdity, "Children of the Soil"—is devoted to this branch of Portuguese natural history. He is evidently one of those whose "hearts"—we use his own superlative language—"throb responsively when wooed by Nature's bright and leafy smile." It is singular that an educated man should adopt this extraordinary method of intimating to the world that he is fond of botany; but it is perhaps still more singular that the writer of such a sentence should be really capable of observing closely, and reporting accurately, scientific facts.

As might have been expected from a botanist travelling in Portugal, Mr. Owen appears to have investigated with some care the symptoms and causes of the vine disease. His opinion is, that it is mainly produced by a congestion of sap, consequent on injudicious and excessive pruning:—

Since it is customary to prune only once, and that, too, very severely, in the winter, when the sap is down, it is quite evident that the few buds of the short and single *varra*, left to bear the crop of the coming season, will have to be the outlets of the whole sap which had been produced in a far greater extent of growth of the past year, and cut away in the winter pruning. . . . Unnaturally forcing a plant to dispose of an undue quantity of secreted nutriment may not be productive of evil consequences during favourable seasons; but it must be manifest that, in case the first development of growth should be cut off by late frosts—by no means an uncommon occurrence—and then, ere the new buds are developed, a long and severely wet period should set in, the state of the sap of the vines would follow the analogy of the fluids of the human circulation, when suddenly impeded, and become congested in the capillary vessels; which microscopic investigation shows to be actually the case in a diseased vine.

Beyond protesting against the system of pruning above described, the author has little to suggest in the way of remedial treatment; but he seems to be not without hope that "the gentle and cautious use of iodine might be tried beneficially, if the effects on the vegetable in any way resemble its operations on the animal economy."

We decline the responsibility of urging Mr. Owen to make further trial of his "unpractised pen," as it would clearly be unsafe for him to allow the state of authorship to become chronic. The extravagances of his style are only redeemed by the value of his matter, and he could not venture on a more questionable experiment than that of writing a book to order. If, however, he has still any long-cherished and unfulfilled yearnings in the direction of foreign travel, and should have an opportunity of realizing his fondest aspirations, we shall be happy to renew our acquaintance with an author to whom we are indebted for some instruction and much amusement.

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